CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. V. London, February, 1909 No. 4

CONTENTS:

COVER DESIGN by LOUIS BRAUNHOLD.

Illustrating "That Tariff Wall," by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

A Valentine Decoration by William Molt	Sir Geo. Etherege, Reverse Frontispiece	
Illustrating "The Girl and the Boss"	De Forrest Schook	Frontispiece
That Tariff Wall Illustrated with photographs	Sir Thomas Shaughnessy	215
The Honour of a Squaw Man. Fiction Illustrated by Fred Woods	Wildan McBride	221
Amantes, Amentes. Verse	Horatio Winslow	226
The Women of Winnipeg Illustrated with photographs	A Winnipeg Woman	227
The Lesson. Verse	Frank Oliver Call	238
The Girl and the Boss. Fiction Illustrated by De Forrest Schook (see frontispiece)	Forrest Crissey	239
The Sowing	Emerson Hough	245
The Toll of the Sea. Fiction	T. G. Marquis	250
The Smith of Caledonia	Arthur Hawkes	255
The Hindu in Canada. Second Paper	Saint Nihal Singh	257
The Finish of the Tangahoula Bridge Club. Fiction Illustrated by Va-Tier L. Barnes	J. DeQ. Donehoo	260
Letters of a Remittance Man to His Mother. Fiction. Concluded	W. H. P. Jarvis	264
The Story of the Play. Cora Illustrated by Hugh Stuart Campbell	Grace Williamson Willett	273
Winter. Verse	Ennis Graham	279
The Right Angle	The Editor	280
Chestnuts and Cheese		286
Hough and His Judges	(See Advertising Section cxxxv.)	

Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year. 10 cents the copy. { United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers

SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

LONDON 382 Clarence St. | TORONTO 68 Victoria St. | MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg. | CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg.

A VALENTINE

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair.
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart;
It is no armour for the heart.

Sir George Etherege.

Drawn by F. De Forrest Schook The Girl and the Boss—see page 241

CARMODY TALKED OF THE BIG BRIDGE AND OF THE SATISFACTION IT GAVE HIM TO THINK THAT EVERY BOLT AND NUT AND RIVET HAD BEEN PUT IN PLACE TO STAY

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V. FEBRUARY NUMBER 4

THAT TARIFF WALL

BY SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE magnificent strides of all Eastern Canada; the growth of the cities on the Great Lakes and on the St. Lawrence, the multiplication of manufactories, and the spread of wealth and prosperity, are due beyond any question to the opening up of that vast empire west of Lake Superior which has brought so much new trade, and which has given so much additional occupation to the people of the East. Think of what its cities are sending to that country—groceries, provisions, implements, bicycles, machinery, stoves, pianos, books and merchandise of every possible description—from its stores, factories and laboratories. It is by these means that Ontario's wealth and population were built up. It is true that the opening up of the West caused something of an emigration from Ontario to the West and a temporary falling off in the value of farm lands, but any loss suffered in that was a mere bagatelle compared with the enormous advantages gained from the other causes.

It is not necessary to refer here to what has taken place in the territory west of Lake Superior during the last few years; the growth of population and extent of lands which have been brought under cultivation in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. That is an open book which has been read by every Canadian. I do not propose to resort to anything in the nature of a statistical forecast, but it is a well-known fact that this year's crop in those Provinces amounts to much more than a hundred million bushels of wheat alone. This, with the proceeds of their coarse grains, cattle, dairy industry and other produce, gives some idea of the enormous purchasing power west of Lake Superior. The people of Ontario and all Eastern Canada will profit by every additional dollar of purchasing power the West possesses, provided that we Canadians are true to ourselves and realize that we must do whatever is in our power to strengthen the ties between that country and Eastern Canada so as to make the Canadian West an essential portion of the Dominion.

We are all too apt to think only of the prairie country in connection with agriculture, but in British Columbia the fruit industry means a great deal for Canada. This year alone no less than

FRENCH RIVER

In shortening the distance between Georgian Bay and the seaboard this mighty river will be a large factor

17,000 acres of orchards have become productive, and this new yield will bring a return of no less than $5,000,000. This will mean a gain, an important addition to the purchasing powers of the farmers of the prairie country, while the mines and lumber industry will be given increased activity, and will come to the East for their supplies; so that from every side the cities of the St. Lawrence Valley receive advantage from the growth of that western territory.

With the good harvest of this year we are sure to forget the recent financial stringency, but I earnestly trust that while we forget these disagreeable days and the trials that everybody connected with financial affairs was put to, we shall not forget the lesson of that period—we shall not forget that a boom, if it be an ephemeral boom, must have serious results.

I have referred to the certain results of this year's operations in the Northwest. We know that next year, with similar conditions, we shall have still greater improvement. But is there anyone with the requisite temerity to make a forecast as to the conditions ten years hence? Can anyone place a limit upon the possibilities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia—not within the next quarter of a century—that is too long—but within the next ten years? I think I know the western country as well as most people. I have watched it as carefully as any, and I would hesitate very much indeed to prophesy upon its future possibilities.

But while we are giving attention to our agricultural interests and encouraging development of our farms and our fruit lands and our mining and lumbering operations, we have other things to do in Canada which we must carry out if we are properly to fulfil our destiny.

We have our internal waterways. We must endeavor to shorten the distance between the Georgian Bay and the seaboard, and improve the routes so as to make traffic cheaper. We must amplify and improve our ocean ports so as to give cheaper handling of traffic there. We must see that our St.

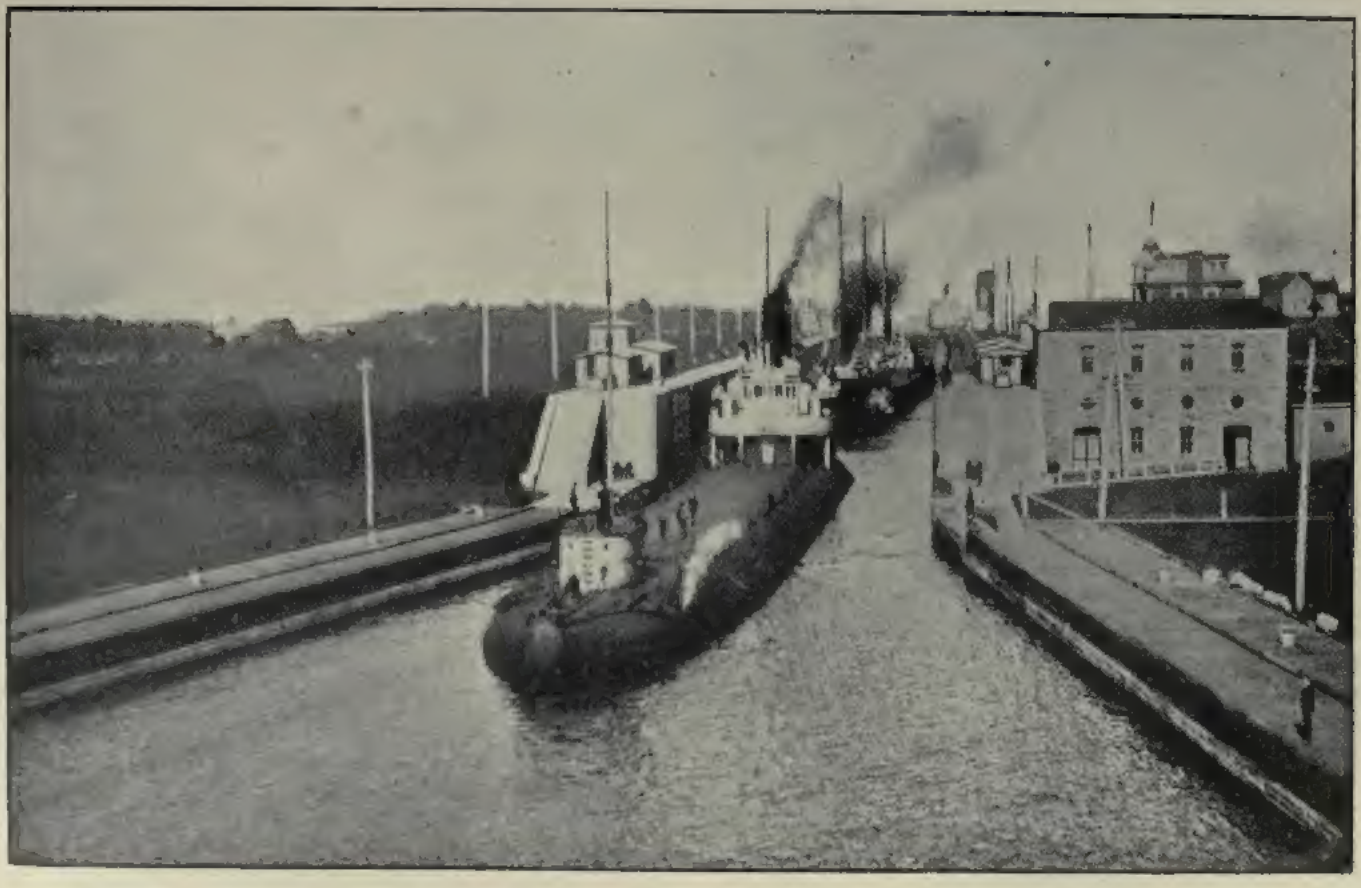
SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR AT MONTREAL

hawrence navigation and the approaches to our Atlantic seaboard are made as reliable and safe as modern methods can make them. By doing this we shall be encouraging shipping to our ports, and by bringing additional ships we shall be bringing what we want most—people from the various countries of Europe to occupy our vacant lands. Year by year the requisite work should be done without an attempt at unwise economy, but efficiently and intelligently, so that we may bring to our own country and commercial centres all the business of the West that belongs to us, and send back our merchandise over the same routes, and handle through our own national termini all the imports and exports of this country. We should adopt every improvement and not hesitate in any expenditure necessary for the safeguarding of Canadian traffic that may be undertaken by the Government for the protection or improvement of our waterways.

The question of the All-Red Route will be solved in the future. When the matter has been thoroughly threshed out by those who have been discussing the subject, some plan will be reached for an improved service, which will not only bring additional immigrants and tourists to Canada, but will make the Dominion a still more popular route on the highway around the world.

There is one other subject to which reference must be made. Our population is continuously being increased by immigration from Europe and the United States. These settlers coming here have naturally not the same national sentiments as we have, but we want their co-operation and countenance in carrying out the great works before us for the still greater advancement of our country. The question is how to secure that co-operation. If after he has been here a little while the settler from the United States finds that he can buy his agricultural implements and other supplies to as good advantage there as in Canada, he will naturally do so, and the trend of trade and all social intercourse will thus become northward and southward. In



THE CANADIAN LOCK, SAULT STE. MARIE

One of the most important links in the chain of inland waterways

the same way, foreigners from Europe will follow the example of their neighbors, and it is easily seen what the result of such a condition of affairs would be in the course of a few years—a West bound to the United States by the strong tie of commercial intercourse.

This is something which we must try earnestly to avoid. We must establish such relations between the merchants and manufacturers of the East and the merchants and consumers of Western Canada, as will make the trend of traffic and of social intercourse in Canada east and west. If we succeed in doing that we shall not only make these strangers, these colonists who have come here to build up homes for themselves and their families, good Canadian citizens, but shall be able to make them strong advocates of every policy calculated to advance the material interests of the country and bring the various Provinces into closer connection, and thus more firmly establish the original idea and intention of confederation.

How are we going to do this? Without talking as an expert, we must rely upon two things; first, a strong and well thought out transportation policy. By that I do not mean that we should deny people the right to build railways north and south. That would create dissatisfaction, and we do not want that. Let who will build railways from the international boundary northward into the Western Provinces, or westward through them if they wish them. But let the men in charge of the transportation interests of Canada devote themselves to such an improvement of their properties as will enable them to carry traffic more cheaply, if possible, than it can be carried in any other country. But besides this transportation policy, we should have a wise, prudent and statesmanlike tariff policy; not with a view to enriching the manufacturer or making goods more expensive to the consumer. That, I think, can be regulated. I do not see any reason why there should not be a trade commission as well as a railway commission. But the work should be done so as to definitely, and beyond any question, fix the channels of Canadian trade eastward and westward.

There is a tradition, an unwritten law, that a man in my position should not talk politics. I have great respect for traditions and would not wish to be misunderstood or construed as saying anything of a political character. To my mind, neither the transportation policy nor the trade policy of this country involves one single element of partisanship. On the contrary, every loyal citizen of Canada, from New Brunswick to the Pacific, every British subject who wishes to see this country occupy the place she should in this fabric of empire, approximating the position of Great Britain herself, must agree with me that these subjects cannot receive too serious and impartial consideration.

THE CONFLUENCE OF THE MATTAWA AND OTTAWA RIVERS
If Canadian commerce is kept in Canadian channels the future will see a tremendous tonnage passing this now quiet spot

THE HONOUR OF A SQUAW MAN

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

Author of "The Jumping Frenchman," Etc.,

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED WOODS

THE Factor, Duncan Cameron, had made up his mind, and, this done, he acted upon it at once.

His decision had been reached by the deliberate, sure methods, begotten of his ancestry and of his training of thirty years with "The Company," to wit, The Honourable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay.

It was settled therefore, that on the morrow he would leave for headquarters at Winnipeg, and later for his native county of Caithness, which is Scotland to many men everywhere.

His wife, Janet he called her, Flower in The Snow in her own tribe, knew his decision, in part. He had told her simply that the Chief Factor wanted him in Winnipeg. How much more she surmised it would be hard to guess even.

She had known, by her woman's intuition, that for months past there was something on his mind, but it was not meet for a good squaw to ask silly questions. She observed him wistfully, and anticipated his wishes with even more than her wonted solicitude, in silence. She felt in a vague sort of way that he appreciated her service, though he gave no sign. In her heart, Flower in The Snow was sad when she heard the news, but to all seeming placidly cheerful as usual, as she packed his bag, and did the thousand and one things she considered it proper a squaw should do for her husband, even were he not, as Cameron was, a chief of the Company. These two had lived long in The North where the virtue of silence is understood.

Though Cameron had made up his mind, he, for the first time in his career, found it was still disquieted. He could not dismiss the matter from his mind as a thing decided, done. The complacence of Flower in The Snow was not the comfort it had been in past years, somehow and was vaguely, but unjustly he knew, a cause of complaint.

Cameron, a man in his prime, though past fifty years, was breaking with the established order of a regular life, a thing men do not do easily after thirty, and the more so when the life has been one of work, of interest and of attainment. He was quitting the service, which was much, and more, he was quitting a relationship of twenty years, a relationship the most intimate and sacred that can exist between human beings. He had long been a ruler of himself, and of others. When he said "Go," men went to the rim of the world if necessary. When he gave a decision, he forgot the matter, but his servants did not forget his commands. He found it unaccountably strange, this unrest, this questioning of himself that he could not banish, and after he had given his decision and issued his orders, too.

Cameron was not yet twenty years old, when, on The Company's ship, bound for "The Bay," Hudson, to wit, he saw Dannett Head sink below the horizon. The deep emotions that stirred the lad's soul at that moment had been jealously guarded in his innermost being. But, through all the busy years since then, he had cherished the resolve, then made, to return to his native land with means to resume the rank of his birthright. Yet the life down on the Bay, and in the Company's vast empire beyond, grew upon him year by year and became a part of his

being. It was a good life and a good service, and securely, step by step, he rose in it.

The Chief, now of Glencoe, trusted Cameron, and found much and hard work for him to do. And thus it was, that years later, when, with other dreaming adventurers, the Chief undertook to push a railway over the barren rocks of the old trail, through an empty plain and seas of mountains to the Pacific Ocean, Cameron and others like him embarked their all in the wild venture. The stock had grown, as such stock will, and was now paying dividends. He had been moved to the front on the Saskatchewan river, which in the Indian tongue means swiftly flowing waters, and here he had stood by his post, while the young Nation that had taken over the Kingdom of the Plains from The Company crushed out a rebellion of Indians and half Breeds, led by a Seer of Visions. Then had come the railway to the outpost of civilization, and a young city had grown up on his land.

HE SAW DANNETT HEAD SINK BELOW THE HORIZON

The world had been good to Cameron. As he phrased it to himself, he could now return to Scotland, as he had dreamed in such a far off year that was but as yesterday, and enjoy otium cum dignitate.

The classic phrase arose naturally in his mind, for his education had implanted a love of the classics which flourished in the wilderness. Like many of his fellow servants of the Company, Cameron was a man well read in literature, preceding the nineteenth century. Solid books are treasured in the forts on The Bay, and the Times, a year old, is read daily, passing in turn from the Factor down to the clerks.

As a youth, Cameron's fastidious nature had found "the custom of the country" repugnant to him. This was the Law of Marriage, unwritten but binding, as is every tradition of The Company, by virtue of which a servant of The Company might take unto himself to wife a daughter of the tribes. She was maintained as such so long as he remained in the country, but when he departed he provided for the maintenance of wife and offspring, who had no further claim upon him. This was the law, upheld by authority, and approved by the Indians.

Cameron remained long single. But at a camp on the Albany river he met Flower in The Snow, and they loved and mated as youths in all ages and tribes will. In the years that had intervened they had enjoyed such happiness as is given to mortals. They had six children, sturdy, and wise in the wisdom of the Northland, versed in woodcraft and tradition, and, what pleased Cameron most, eager also to learn the wisdom of the printed pages he prized so highly. In the new city there were schools which they found good.

Flower in The Snow, long separated from her tribe, and loyal to every wish of her husband, was friendly to the white ways. With a man such as Cameron, honorable and cultured, she took on naturally some of his refinement. She spoke English, and delighted in hearing read the romances of her lord's land.

On the Bay she had been treated by all with the consideration demanded by

"FATHER DEAR" ASKED LITTLE CHRISTIE, "WHAT WILL YOU BRING MAMMA FOR A PRESENT"?

her rank, and shown her by Cameron without constraint. In the young city she first encountered the strength of race prejudice, and withdrew into her home.

At the hotel one day, Cameron overheard an individual of loud dress and assertive mien speak of another as "A Squaw Man." He resented the contempt in the tone of the speaker, whose whole personality revolted him. He had never heard the term before.

"Who is that person?" he enquired of Johnson, his real estate agent.

"That," replied Johnson, "a tin horn sport, name Brophy for present uses. Claims to be a miner from the Black Hills. Major Walsh knows his sort, all right, and has Parker keeping an eye on him. Tell you what it is, Cameron, our Mounted Police know how to pare the claws of that kind of bird of prey."

Johnson was not usually so loquacious, but he saw that Cameron was hurt and angry. Cameron had felt that people from the East and South did not approve of miscognate marriages, but all his associates were gentlemen who concealed rather than obtruded their views. This occurrence took place the day he had announced his departure at home.

That last night at home was an ordeal for Cameron. The children had an avid curiosity regarding the wonders of the, to them, great city to which he was going, and he had to promise them many strange presents. Little Christie, she of the fair hair and blue eyes of his own land, pattered in her bare feet down the stairs, and standing by his chair in her night robes, her serious eyes intent upon his face asked:

"Father, dear, what will you bring mamma for a present?"

Cameron, with his strong face work-

ing strangely, seized her to his breast, and covered her face with kisses.

"Well, dearest," he asked at length, "what will I bring as a present for mamma?"

"I want her to have a nice silk gown just like Mrs. Walsh up at the Fort has."

Flower in The Snow laughed at the child's fancy, but it was agreed that the silk gown should be purchased for mamma.

When at last they had all gone, Flower in The Snow, with tiny Peter asleep on her breast, stroked his straight, dark hair and berry brown face.

"How long will you be away, Duncan?" she asked, gazing the while at the sleeping child.

"Two moons," he replied.

"It is long," she said, relapsing into her native tongue. "We have not been parted before since Andrew was born. I shall count every sun till you come back to us, my Sun in the Sky."

Then she went away with the child, while Cameron sat long brooding.

She was up at dawn to set meat before him, and waited upon him quietly, little being said. At the last, she surprised him by throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him, murmuring endearing words in her soft native speech.

* * * *

Cameron was very busy for days in Winnipeg. There was much business with the Chief Factor. There were also settlements to be effected through his lawyers. The senior partner, an old friend, attended to Cameron's business himself.

"All perfectly proper and legal," he said coldly when Cameron explained what he wanted done. Cameron felt chilled by the business-like attitude and tone of his friend in which there was no trace of their old friendly relation.

He was tired, when he got back to the hotel, and threw himself into a chair in the rotunda. He took out his steamer ticket, and looked at it long. It was for a steamship sailing from Montreal in four days time. He saw the old home overlooking Serabster Roads, and wondered idly how time had dealt with it. His mind wandered over the thirty years of his service with The Company, dwelling most fondly on the days of his clerkship at Fort Moody with Allan MacNaughton as his friend. The happy, hard years of useful service passed in review, the dangers, the difficulties, the triumphs, and the fulfillment of his dream. In softer mood he lived over his meeting with Flower in The Snow, and the years since. She had been faithful and kind, but he had made generous settlements. It was all fair and according to the code.

The Company's code had been honest dealing. Cameron was a just man, and he felt pride in the remembrance that his duty to the Company had never demanded aught but fairness. The Company never forgot a threat or promise to an Indian. Throughout its more than three centuries it had dealt honestly with them, and he felt a thrill of joy in the knowledge that the Indian trusted the Company, and its servants. The Indian was eternally a savage and a child, and had to be treated as such. Even an implied promise to these children must be kept sacredly.

Here there crept in a disturbing thought of his promise to Flower in The Snow to return in two moons, and had he not told Christie he would "bring" that silk dress to her mamma?

Cameron found himself wishing he had told Janet frankly what he proposed to do. She would have been sorry, but she knew the conditions of their marriage, and could not have objected.

"Hello, Cameron, How are you, B'y?"

The words boomed through the great rotunda from the mighty voice of a bearded giant in homespuns, standing before Cameron with outstretched hands.

A joyful light sprang into Cameron's abstracted eyes as he jumped up to seize the proffered hands, saying simply:

"I'm well, MacNaughton, and it's right glad I am to see you this day. Man, I was thinking of you but just now. I believed you were away up on

the Mackenzie river. Well, well! And you're looking fine, Alan."

With many exclamations of surprise and joy at the meeting, the two friends moved as if by common consent to a quiet room off the bar where "a wee drap," in the shape of a bottle of Scotch and a syphon was set before them.

"B'y," said MacNaughton, beaming on his friend over a glass in which bubbles rose, "I have not clapped eyes on you for sixteen years, not since you came to me at Fort Smith up on Great Slave lake. And Flower in The Snow, how is she? And the sturdy lad Andrew? A man by now, no doubt? Is he in the service?"

"No," Cameron replied, "The lad is studying at St. Johns to join Parson Roberts in preaching to the Indians"

"Man, you surprise me," said MacNaughton, once more filling his glass. "He was aye a pet of the Parson's. Good man, too! Always wondered what he saw in the savages to spend his life for them. Beggar has a conscience! Can't help it, I suspect. A good man, he is, though. Can handle a canoe like a breed, and fight, too." Thus MacNaughton babbled on, so full of his own joy at the reunion that he failed, strangely enough, to detect the trouble in his friend's face

"Do you mind, now," he asked, "how ill the little lad was when you reached Fort Smith? Poor Flower in The Snow was heart broken. She thought I was indeed a wonderful Medicine Man when the little man was lucky enough to survive my doctoring."

MacNaughton's laugh rang out in the room, while Cameron winced at the recollection of this time of trouble, when they feared for the life of their first born male child.

They talked of other matters, for a time, and recalled the days of their fellow clerkship at Fort Moody.

They laughed over escapades shared in common, and MacNaughton recalled the lecture MacAllister had read Cameron when he had allowed Thunder Cloud to believe that he had been promised a gun for some slight service. Cameron had intended no such promise, but MacAllister had adjudged the gun to the brave.

"And he charged it up to you," shouted MacNaughton.

"Remember lad," he said, imitating their old chief, "The Company always keeps its promises, and so must its servants. On another occasion you will be more expleecit."

MacNaughton roared with laughter till the windows rattled, while Cameron sat with drawn face.

"My God, MacNaughton, B'y, I can't do it!" he burst out at length.

MacNaughton sat up straight, with sober face, but Cameron silenced him with a look and a gesture.

"I'm all right, Alan, old friend," he said quietly. "Bear with me for a moment. You have just shown me light. I was about to do what no gentleman can do. That is all. I was about to act like a cad."

He took a drink, and went on, after a long pause, "You, Alan, and you only, know that at Fort Moody, and ever since, it has been my ambition to return with means to Scotland to resume my rank as a Scotch gentleman.

"THE COMPANY ALWAYS KEEPS ITS PROMISES AND SO MUST ITS SERVANTS"

I have completed all arrangements to go back—to Scotland." He lingered lovingly over the word.

"I married Flower in The Snow according to the Custom of the Country. I have made liberal settlements on her and the children. Here is my ticket for the Parisian, which sails in four days."

He looked up into MacNaughton's honest eyes, and went on, "You, my friend, have brought back the past to me. That was a time of trial for us at Fort Smith, for both of us, for the boy's mother as well as his father, and you, Alan, do not deny it, saved his life."

MacNaughton tush tushed, but Cameron went on in a level voice, sustained by his strong will only, "I cannot go, MacNaughton. I give up my dream. The code would justify me, I do not blame others who have acted on it, but I cannot justify myself. I had almost forgotten good old McAllister's words, 'The Company always keeps its promises, and so must its servants'."

Despite the iron will, and the hatred of a strong man to display emotion, Cameron's voice broke, and he finished almost in sobs. "She, my Flower in The Snow, is only an Indian, I know, but, before God, MacNaughton, she is my wife, and the children, the children are my children."

MacNaughton arose, and in silence grasped the hand of his friend, and then walked away.

Just two minutes later Cameron walked up to the office counter, and said briskly. "Give me my bill at once. I want to catch the Pacific Express west. Boy, get my grips from 28. Porter, call a cab. Just got ten minutes to make it. Good Bye."

—

AMANTES, AMENTES

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

MY Love she is more beautiful
Than scent of rose or myrrh,
And I—I lie awake by night,
For thinking much on her.

My Love she has the dear, dear voice,
As soft as mourning birds;
But I have lost my peace of heart
For her caressing words.

My Love she has the white, white hands,
As cool and sweet as wine;
But I have counted all the stars
Since that they touched with mine.

My Love, my Love, and not my Love,
If such mad things might be
I would I had forgotten you
Or you remembered me.

—*Wander Songs.*

LADY McMILLAN

MRS WILLIAM WHYTE

MRS HOWELL

THE WOMEN OF WINNIPEG

BY A WINNIPEG WOMAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SOME months ago Cy Warman wrote a poem about the women of Winnipeg. He said many nice things about them, but it was faint praise after all. I don't believe there is a city of the whole world that can show a more wholesome society, nor one that more strongly commands the admiration of all who visit it.

This is all the more remarkable when one considers that only a very few years ago Winnipeg was a straggling frontier village. How the scene has changed!

To-day one sees in the drawing rooms of the fashionable set the latest creations of Paris, of London and New York. Winnipeg can hold her own with any of the other large and well known centres of fashionable, philanthropic and sporting life.

And the women look so young! You ask me why? It's the air. Good pure air, cold enough to make you walk fast, stimulating enough to make you feel as Billy Baxter says, "Just like touching the high places." This with wholesome living and not too long hours makes for long life and youthfulness in Winnipeg.

I knew you would notice the familiarity of the people. There is ample reason for it. A few years ago, as I have said, Winnipeg was a village. The woman pioneers, and they were a brave lot, met conditions with smiles where grumblings and frowns were to be expected. They joined with each other to make the best of everything,

MRS E. L. DREWRY

MRS T. A. ANDERSON

MRS W. F. A. EGWAY

and evolved a society which in the early days was like a family gathering. This is the spirit which has been handed down, and it is this more than any other characteristic that has made society in Winnipeg different in that it is genuine.

There are many links in the chain of life here: the true Winnipeg set, the charitable set, the American set, the musical set; but each link is within the next link, and all combine with equal strength to make the chain. Winnipeg society is purely local. Other cities are at too great a distance to affect the ideas or the interests here. Winnipeg does as it chooses, and does it well.

The social season, beginning in October, and lasting until the heat of June, drives the campers to the lakes or the travelers to London, is long and strenuous. Balls, receptions, teas, dinners, bridges, and luncheons keep things moving. Naturally the affairs at Government House are the all important ones. The genial Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Daniel McMillan, and Lady McMillan, are ideal host and hostess. Lady McMillan seems never tired, never worried, never impatient. Her greetings are always cordial. There are large dinners given each week throughout the season. An official stag dinner inaugurating the New Year, is followed by a reception to the wives and daughters of the officials. There are always one or two balls during the winter. Every visitor of note is a reason for redoubling the many calls upon the time of this ever popular couple.

MRS. D. C. CAMERON

MRS. D. M. WALKER

Fortunate indeed is Lady McMillan in having the assistance of a charming and interesting daughter to lessen the burden of such extensive entertainment. Mrs. Evans is always at hand. She is a typical product of the Great Northwest; tall, slender and stately, she impresses one at first sight. She is a most charming woman. Both mother and daughter are interested in almost every charity of the city. They not only contribute most generously to the different associations, but Mrs. Evans is an active worker as well. Their busy lives run on day by day doing good, spreading cheer and happiness and extending welcome to the travel-worn and the homesick.

Mrs. Robert Rogers is perhaps the busiest woman in Winnipeg. As wife of the Minister of Public Works her duties are manifold, but they become pleasures when performed for her husband's advancement. A good woman, you know, is at the back of every successful man.

The season opened last year with a ball given by Mr. Justice and Mrs. Phippen, for the debut of their daughter, Edna. Immediately sixteen other girls declared their desire to be introduced at the same time. Mrs. Phippen was not to be flustered at this demand, however—far from it. "The more the merrier" was her actual

MRS. WILLIAM HESPELER

remark. It is characteristic of the woman—lavish hospitality, a riot of pleasure, and smiles for every one. Mrs. Phippen and her sister, Mrs. O. H Clark, are both ardent motorists and keen golfers. Both preside over attractive homes.

Mrs. Howell, the wife of the Chief Justice of Manitoba, lives in a large inviting home not far from Mrs. Phippen's. Surrounding this house are several acres of beautiful lawn, the largest gardens of any home in the city proper. Last year a wedding celebration converted these gardens into a veritable fairy bower. There are still two clever and attractive daughters of the house, so we may all hope for additional excuses to be a part of the delightful hospitality of this most charming of hostesses.

With one of the most magnificent residences of Winnipeg, Mrs. William Whyte has an asset much in her favor, but this asset is not essential to the popularity of the owner, by any means. Where graciousness and high idealism are combined with naturalness one does not need much else to win friends. Mrs Whyte has a married son, three married daughters and another daughter of eighteen. Her electric runabout is familiar to all Winnipeg.

Among the Winnipeg women you think of first is Mrs. W. F. Alloway. It is worth while, if only once in a life time, to meet such as she, if only to improve one's impressions of the world generally. Mrs. Alloway is from the province of Quebec, but her married life has been spent in all parts of the globe, and every journey taken is recalled now by the many tokens that fill the large rooms of her house. Mrs. Alloway is a rare entertainer, a clever narrator, and an elocutionist of ability.

In common with many of the notable women here Mrs. Alloway's life is not confined to the purely social. Her philanthropic work is very extensive and her generosity an example to the whole world

Mrs. C. V. Alloway is in many respects different from her sister-in-law. To take upon active young shoulders the burdens of a sister's duties on a daily journal is not an easy task at best. To accomplish such a task in the face of endless personal social duties, a rare popularity, and important home ties, and not to have these suffer in the

MRS W SANFORD EVANS
Wife of the Mayor of Winnipeg

MRS DUBUC
Wife of the Chief Justice of the Dominion

least, is what Mrs C. V. Alloway proved last season could be done.

Not many years ago Mrs. D. C. Cameron came from Kenora to make Winnipeg her home. Now should she leave, there would be a void impossible to be filled. The Cameron home is ideal in every particular, adding to its loftiness, spaciousness and dignity a semblance of refined age. The Cameron stables are likewise renowned Their beautiful horses and equipages are the admiration of all. Mrs. Cameron's daughter has done much to advertise Winnipeg—other things not considered—for no finer whip can be found in these parts.

To Mrs. A. D. McRae belongs a half share in the sporting as well as the social prominence of Winnipeg. Her horses and her horsemanship is equally splendid with Miss Cameron's. When these two women drove together at the Annual Horse Show last year, the cheering was equally divided on every point.

To have a family of girls, all keen horsewomen and attractive, is rather unusual. Yet such is true of Mrs. C. C. Chipman. Her beautiful horses and carriages were among the successful competitors in last year's show. The Chipman home, the old Hudson Bay House, is a most attractive one. Mrs. Chipman is an ideal type of woman, tall, very slender, dark and most graceful.

Along the same line—that of sporting life in Winnipeg—I must mention Mrs. Hugh Sutherland. Her stable is filled with splendid horses and carriages and not a few of the red and blue ribbons found their salvation there. Mrs. Sutherland is from Baltimore. Her home is a veritable jewel box.

As the old saying goes, one thought naturally suggests another. Speaking of Mrs. A. D. McRae reminds one of the large and interesting American colony within the heart of this Canadian metropolis; an American colony that with one or two exceptions represents the great Northwest of the United States. Some of the most magnificent homes of the city are owned by Americans. In the Wellington Crescent, two of the most imposing residences are presided over by attractive matrons, Mrs. Bettingen, and Mrs. Leistikow. An attractive bungalow is the property of Mrs. H. J. Guthrie. Another is presided over by Mrs. E. A. Gibson. A colonial home of beautiful proportions is an inviting retreat to the friends of Mrs. E. H. Heath.

MRS W T KIRBY

MRS. C. V. ALLOWAY

MRS. COLIN H. CAMPBELL
Wife of Attorney General of Manitoba

MRS. JOHN EDWARD JONES

Many of the largest motors belong to Americans. An electric coupe is handled most skillfully by its owner, Mrs. A. R. Davidson. The finest collection of diamonds in the city is the property of an American, Mrs. Darling, one of the most expensively and best dressed women of the city

Mrs. Dutton, with her snow white hair and charmingly young face, is a well known figure to all Winnipeg. Her teams and carriages are among the smartest here, and her ball of last year was one of the events of the season

Mrs. John Edward Jones and Mrs. Elisha Lee represent the south in Winnipeg. Mrs. Jones is the wife of the American Consul-General. Largely through her social tact and charm the United States Consulate once more holds the position and influence it had in the days of Consul Taylor. Mrs. Lee, a native of Kentucky, not only contributes the southern charm but a cosmopolitan one as well, for her home has been in many countries and her travels have taken her into many more

The Americans are all friendly. Very nearly all are very rich. Consequently their independence forms a gulf—not impassable, but a gulf nevertheless—between the Winnipegers and themselves. On one side, money cannot buy friendship; on the other, friendship isn't a necessity. There are instances where this barrier falls, and one or two cases where it never existed; but these exceptions are rare At all large affairs the two sets meet in apparent harmony, but the smaller affairs—always the most attractive ones—are strictly Canadian or American. The fault lies on both parties, but not equally.

To be very active socially and yet the ever watchful mother as well, is a difficult problem, but there are many women who have solved it. Mrs. Nanton, the mother of two girls and three boys, carries these combined duties so lightly that she and her charming step-daughter are constantly taken for sisters. To appreciate what this means you must know that only last year Miss Nanton made her debut to the world of Winnipeg. Mrs. Nanton's home is one of the show places of the city.

Mrs. Morton Morse is another woman who combines her duties in a most wonderful fashion. Her face as young as a girl's, despite her hair slightly streaked with grey, and her figure as pretty and rounded. To see her with her four boys—the eldest a college student—gives one a charming surprise. A visit to her elegant home is as restful as it is delightful. For she is an ideal hostess, thoughtful and gracious.

A familiar sight on Sundays throughout the season is two pews in Trinity Church filled with five boys, a girl, and their mother and father. The mother is Mrs. T. A. Anderson. To watch the group throughout the service is an

MRS. A. M. FRASER

example to even the most constant church-goer. Mrs. Anderson is the daughter of a clergyman and most of her girlhood was spent in the small village of Berthier en Haut.

In a beautiful home on Armstrong's Point one meets a delightful woman, Mrs. Stewart Tupper, who often has as her guest her father-in-law—that grand old man of Canada, Sir Charles Tupper. With the arrival of spring Mrs. Tupper is among the first women to make use of the splendid grounds surrounding her home.

Mrs. William Tupper is none the less generous in the use of her fine lawn. With several young children and a grown daughter who made her debut at a large ball the past season, Mrs. Tupper is one of the many remarkable young women of this city.

Mrs. F. H. Brydges, Mrs. E. F. Kohl, and Mrs. F. W. Heubach are women who make Winnipeg renowned throughout Canada as a city of cultured, hospitable hostesses.

Winnipeg life is not confined to the purely social. Other things of much greater moment share the time and the thoughts of the women. The most discussed of these is the program of the weekly musical club.

This club was formed over thirteen years ago and has grown with the city. There are 94 active members, and 385 associate members.

While it is in a sense the correct thing to attend these meetings, some women do go there from a love of the music itself. Several well known singers have developed under the eye of the club. Also some splendid pianists have lost their amateurishness by continuous performances before a friendly audience.

Last season a young violinist of great promise met with encouragement after every programme. Mrs. Rogers is so confident of her ability that she has sent her for a year's study abroad. In this very way the musical club will fulfill its highest mission—that of aiding handicapped genius.

Mrs. George Galt was in 1900 the president of this club, and until very lately has been an active and keen worker. Her assistance was the more remarkable when you consider the

MRS. C. C. CHIPMAN

lavish hospitality for which she has always been noted, and the energy and interest she displays in every social activity. Miss Marjorie Galt has a future before her in her fine, strong voice. Although a young girl, her tones are remarkable for their sweetness and purity. Her songs are a delight always..

Mrs. E. M. Counsell's contralto voice, sweet, strong and sympathetic, has

touched the heart of every Winnipeg audience. She knows full well the art of toying with all one's emotions with her full, low tones.

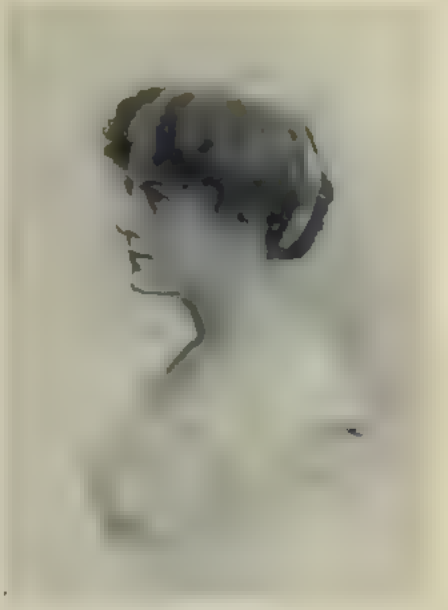
Perhaps the best known voice in the city is Mrs. Armitage's. It is as much a pleasure to hear her as it seems for her to sing. It is not remarkable then that she is one of the most popular young matrons of the city.

Winnipeg is equally fortunate in its fine pianists. Mrs. W. Sanford Evans, a Toronto woman of one of the first families, is not only an accomplished pianist but a most attractive woman as well. Mrs. Evans was last year chosen the first president of the Women's Canadian Club, an honor which could only be given to a woman of marked ability. Mrs. Landry is a brilliant performer, besides being an organist of great skill. There are many other fine pianists in the city, many splendid violinists and sweet singers, and all lend their services cheerfully to the Musical Club.

More charitable work is done here than in any other city of the Dominion. It is not theoretic work, either, but active and ofttimes trying. Yet it is undertaken with a will and accomplished with zest.

The best known of the women's charities is the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission. Its noble founder as well as its marvellous work is known from ocean to ocean. To see Mrs Scott is

MRS. E. NICHOLSON
In her Packard Touring Car



MRS. HERBERT W. WILLS

an inspiration. Society women are large and regular contributors to this work, of which she is the chief. On its board are many society women, who work regularly among the poor of the mission

On all the hospital boards are the names of well known women. Mrs. Champion is one of the indefatigable workers for the St. Joseph's Orphanage. She is equally interested in the Men's Own Mission, and last winter she and a small committee of ladies were able to send many of the unemployed men of the city into the country, where work awaited them. These men were supplied with suitable clothing, and equipped with the necessary tools for all sorts of labor

Mrs. Bury and Mrs. Mathers are zealous workers for the Victorian Order of Nurses. Like Mrs. Champion, these two women are interested in many other charitable organizations of the city. They are most popular hostesses as well, each presiding over an attractive home. All are devoted mothers with most interesting families.

Mrs. E. M. Wood is one of the most indefatigable workers on the board of the General Hopsital. Indeed her interest and active aid have been re-

MRS. RUSH JOHN MACDONALD

sponsible for its remarkable growth It is the largest hospital in Canada

The Aberdeen Association, sending its papers and magazines into the remote districts and lumber camps of the Northland, has among its workers Mrs. Evans, Mme. Cauchon, Mrs. Laird, and Mrs. Walter Kirby.

Mrs Kirby was one of the earliest workers in this association, and her interest in its development and success has never flagged. She is a woman of great energy and power. No woman does more active charity work than Mrs. Kirby, and few women are more busy socially

In speaking ever so slightly of the wonderful charity work done by the women here, you must recall the name of Mrs. A. G Hample and her wonderful success with the Knowles Home for Boys. A year ago in November Mr. Knowles, aided by a committee of six ladies, started this noble work Mrs Hample was the executive spirit and by her constant encouragement and able assistance the home has grown from a small thing to accommodate thirty-five boys. Boys who are homeless, orphans, destitute boys, and young criminals, are taken in and given a fresh start in life. They are cleaned, clothed and educated. The original committee of ladies has increased from six to eighteen, with Mrs. Hample still the leading spirit.

The corner stone for the new Y.W.C.A. was laid in October. For a year Mrs. Colin H. Campbell had been striving for this end. Mrs. Campbell is perhaps the best public speaker in Manitoba. She is a most important factor in her husband's success, being a clever political reckoner, a gracious hostess and a devoted mother.

A successful Art Exhibit is held annually by the Art Association of Winnipeg, aided by the other associations of the East. Mrs. Chipman is at its head, and many well known women lend their services and contribute their talent to its growth. Last year Mrs. Wm. Hespeler gave some rare old laces to the exhibit. She is the wife of the man who has so ably represented the interests of the German Emperor in Winnipeg for over twenty years. Combined with a natural graciousness is a wide personal knowledge of places and people which makes Mrs. Hespeler one of the most delightful of matrons.

No one does more charity work than Mrs. E. L. Drewry. No one does it as silently, either. Her home life is a busy, practical one and in her married

MME. FREDERICK B. GAUTHIER

daughters and sons as in the younger members of her family is reflected her own powerful, interesting personality.

Mrs. J. A. M. Aikin is another woman whose charities are unlimited.

In speaking of women of unceasing energy, one recalls at once that wonderful worker. Mrs. A. M Fraser. She is the founder of the Coffee House for Young Men—one of the highest of the city charities—as well as the executive head of the Aberdeen Association. All the charities of the city have shared her interest and her activity.

The old ladies of the city are a most interesting study. Mme. Gauthier, a woman of 87 years, is at all the affairs of the season. Her memory is wonderful, her interest keen, and her conversation remarkable. A native of England, her married life has been spent in the United States, in France, in India, in China and in Canada. In talking with her she recalls thrilling and interesting experiences that have befallen her in all these many countries.

MRS. J. STEWART TUPPER

Mrs. Clark, the mother of Mrs. Nanton, is a beautiful old lady, with the whitest of hair and the most winning of smiles. You cannot doubt but that she is the idol of all her grandchildren, as well as a most popular old lady.

Mrs. Walker, the wife of one of the city Judges, has lived in Winnipeg since 1871. She recalls the Winnipeg of thirty homes and three hundred people with the same happy smile with which she recalls the large affair of yesterday. Her life has been active and strenuous, but few traces of its passage are visible on her face. In 1878 her husband was the Attorney General, and her activity in Winnipeg affairs, beginning then, has never abated.

Mrs A. W. Ross has likewise seen the city grow. It was she who named the beautiful Rosyln Road, and Wellington Crescent was named for her husband a man who was in active political work for many years in Ottawa.

Mrs. Dennistoun is one of the most interesting of the old ladies of Winnipeg. Her sweet nature and her brilliant mind are reflected in her two married daughters and her son, all of whom reside here.

Lady Schultz has been one of the prominent women of the city ever since her husband was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province in 1888-95. She presides over an attractive home, and her teas are thronged with her admirers among the old and new Winnipegers

The French element in Winnipeg lends fine attraction. The wife of the Chief Justice of Manitoba, Madam Dubuc is naturally its leader. She is a most remarkably young looking woman to be a grandmother. Her manners are most gracious, and her family life an ideal one.

Mme. Fred Gauthier is another attactive matron. Her reminiscences of Quebec when her father was the Lieutenant-Governor are interesting and thrilling. Her drawing-room is an attractive one, where a warm welcome awaits every newcomer

The metropolis of the West is very proud of its large number of beautiful women—women who would be conspicuous in the drawingrooms of the Old World. Mrs. George Carruthers is an ideal type of classic

MRS. ROBERT ROGERS MRS. W. P. DUTTON MRS. H. T. CHAMPION

beauty, dark, a superb figure, and a highly developed sense of the artistic in dress. She is an enthusiastic motorist, and her new car is always in evidence at every affair. An American woman who has lived abroad, made her debut in Rome, and since her married life been living in Canada, Mrs. Carruthers is a most interesting and charming woman to meet

Mrs. Cantlie is another brunette beauty. She is a Toronto girl. Her horses and carriages are splendid, and lately a McLaughlin runabout has shared the honors with the live stock

Another youthful brunette beauty with a grown daughter is Mrs. Christie, one of the good whips of the city.

Mrs. Sam. Clark, another eastern girl who captured a western heart, is a most striking brunette. Her voice, a mellow full contralto, is very brilliant.

Mrs. John Galt is a brunette of quite a different type. Her home life is ideal, her home one of the beautiful ones of the city and her family interesting. Two elder sisters reside in Winnipeg, both most attractive women.

Quite similar to Mrs. Galt are Mrs. F. E. Sharpe and Mrs. E. B. Lemon, young matrons, who preside over two of the most attractive homes in the city.

Mrs Hugh John Macdonald is in absolute contrast to all these women. She is a petite figure, a pronounced blonde, and always superbly gowned. She is a Toronto woman and has spent all her life in Canada.

Mrs. Scott is a blonde of entirely different appearance. Tall and strikingly dressed, her features are perfect and her hats are not the least attractive part of the whole.

Quite similar to Mrs. Scott as a type, although more robust, is Mrs W L Ball, a woman one never passes on the streets without turning twice to look at her.

Another blonde of strikingly clear-cut features and splendid style is Mrs.

MRS. R. MAX DENNISTOUN MRS. S. P. CLARK MRS. A. W. ROSS

Ellswood Richards, a young matron who has spent her life in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Herbert Wills, the wife of the genial manager of the Royal Alexandra, is a young American of striking personality, great charm and winning manners. Her voice, a high, sweet soprano, is much admired.

I might mention hundreds of others, each having a strong individual claim to some special charm.

Winnipeg may be a willing slave to its women during the winter, when pleasure holds sway over all hearts. Certainly it is true that nowhere do good theatrical attractions receive such hearty applause and encouragement. No city greeted the musical celebrities of the past season with the enthusiasm which met them here. Nowhere "bridge" wields a greater influence over its devotees. Nowhere does good fellowship reign more supreme.

MRS. W. J. CHRISTIE

MRS GEORGE J BURY

But in summer the city dies a natural social death. Its army divides into four battalions; one moving to the Lake of the Woods, another to the Detroit Lakes; "one to the Old Country," and the smaller one going into supposed retirement at home

At these summer resorts you meet the natural woman, sans the superficialities, sans the elegancies, sans the strain of too much activity. At these places she is out for fun; for sport and relaxation. Here it is the happy lot of many to become truly acquainted, after a winter of hand-shakes, bows and adieux.

Those few remaining in the city find life more than ordinarily strenuous, for there are many attractions at hand. The theatres are open until late in the summer, usually presenting comic operas which delight the eye and ear without taxing the brain. "Bridges," informal dinners and motor suppers occupy the evenings. These indoor pleasures are more than offset by the outdoor attractions, however. The Country Club with its splendid golf links, tennis courts and English croquet grounds beckons. Deer Lodge with its good chicken dinners and attractive flowers invites. And there are the Norwood golf links, and beautiful Tuxedo.

Some splendid scores have been made on these two links. Mrs Charles Brydges holds the record, with Mrs Max. Dennistoun a close second. The former is one of the attractive young

matrons of Winnipeg. Mrs. Dennistoun will soon move into an attractive home on Rosyln Road

An interesting Polo tournament is held each summer at the Country Club, and all the city turns out in its best clothes to witness the exciting play. Motoring holds its own, however, among the attractions during the summer. This year's endurance test for motors included more than a hundred machines. Three cars returned with perfect records, and a second trial run to Portage la Prairie was made before the palm was awarded to Mrs. E Nicholson. The prairie trails as well as the public highways are in excellent condition during fall weather, but even though much rain fell during last summer, rendering these roads difficult, the ardor of the Winnipeg motorists did not diminish in the least

The new city park and the new suburb Tuxedo are accessible all the year. The run there is only four miles from the City Hall. So that the summer colony left behind in the general migration has not an idle moment. This brings out an attribute of Winnipeg life, its many sidedness.

THE LESSON

BY FRANK OLIVE CALL

I WALKED upon the shore
At even gray the fretful sea beside,
I heard the grim rocks warring with the tide
Which swift to landward bore.

And everything spoke strife.
My heart, more restless than the moaning sea,
Burned with the thought to gain for mine and me
The earthly fruits of life.

But 'neath a beacon high
I found a snow-white seabird lying dead,
Its spirit beaten out. It mutely said—
"Art thou more wise than I?"

THE GIRL AND THE BOSS

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "A Sermon and a Sinner," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK—SEE FRONTISPIECE.

EVER since the work of throwing the long steel span across the stream at Stilton's Gap had begun, Carmody had boarded at Mrs. Stilton's. But Mrs. Stilton confessed with shame, in a backyard conversation with Mrs. Callahan:

"I don't know nothing more about that man now than when he come here three months ago. There ain't a sociable hair in his head. He won't even talk to Mary—and most of 'em are glad to pass a word with *her*. He's the first mortal man I ever see that I couldn't draw out when I had a fair chance. There he's been settin' right at my own table for these three months, an' scarcely a livin' word out of his mouth! If I was asked I couldn't tell whether he's got folks or not. It don't hardly seem decent to have a man under your own roof for this long a time and not know whether he's married or single, got relations or alone in the world, worth a farm or living from hand to mouth. Mebby I wouldn't take it to heart so much, Mrs. Callahan, if I wasn't New England born. Yankee folks, you know, are sociably inclined, and a man like Mr. Carmody goes against their grain. Something mighty queer about that man!"

"Mike says," volunteered Mrs. Callahan, "that he's a gr-r-reat boss! When he gives the worrud things go. An' he's not fallin' behind in his board?"

"Never a day," admitted Mrs. Stilton, "but he's queerer'n a black-haired Swede. It does make me creep to see a man take all his natural talk out in staring at the mountain tops. But I will say that he's got the most engagin' smile when he chooses to use it. An' there's no doubt that he's a gentleman born."

To all the men in the white tents of the camp, he was simply the Big Boss. And he was a bigger boss than ever after the night when a dozen jugs of whiskey had been smuggled into camp and a riot between the mixed nationalities had started. Suddenly John Carmody had appeared in the centre of the mix-up, dealing a few blows here and there, and felling several bullies who had terrorized whole camps when on a drunken rampage, and who were known as "kickers and biters."

Alone the Big Boss had quelled the riot and smashed the jugs—and became the talk of the hamlet and camp. Again, he "made good" with the men when a riveter lost his balance and fell into the deep hole of the stream below. Carmody was on the lower part, and as soon as he heard the cry, made a dive for the pool. He and the riveter came up together, and Carmody towed the stunned man to shore, dragged him up and deftly worked over him until consciousness returned.

One evening after the foreman had left the table, while Mrs. Stilton was away on her annual visit to Toronto, Carmody suddenly spoke to the quiet, sweet-faced girl who had served him at the Stilton table since the work began:

"Do you know if the Keegan family is—well, if the widow is in need? He wasn't working for us, you know, but that doesn't make any difference."

There was a quiet gentleness and a suggestion of sympathy in the voice which overcame the girl's shyness almost before he had done speaking. She had stood holding the bread plate as she answered:

"Yes, sir. The children come to my school—I teach the district school and—and help out here for my board. I'd

rather do that than board 'round as the teachers before me have done."

Carmody noticed the flush that crept into her cheeks as she made this explanation and noticed, too, that the flushed face had a peculiar winsomeness and pathos.

"I went home with one of the children last night and found what I was afraid of—that the two older boys had dropped out to go down to the mine. Mrs. Keegan is a little above what you might expect—cleaner and prouder, and just wrapped up in the thought of giving the boys an education. And they're interested in their school, too. But he left nothing. When they use up what they have in the house they'll have to be taken care of by the township. She has a little baby and can't go out to work. I'm afraid it was wicked, sir, but I almost wished he had been working for the Company when he was killed—then he would have got something."

"Did you give her anything?" he asked, ignoring her confession.

"Yes, sir," she faltered.

"I thought so," he commented—and smiled his rare smile, warm with approval.

"If you're not too tired when your work is done, you might take me to their cabin. Perhaps I can do something which will at least keep the boys from the mine—that's a hard life for such young fellows!"

That evening, as they picked their way along the narrow mountain path, he drew her out of her shyness until she was giving him a history of her school and its small comedies. At the point where the path turned the shoulder of the mountain she stopped, and pointing to the river below, twisting and foaming along its rocky channel, exclaimed:

"Isn't it splendid? I come here often and just sit and watch it as long as the light lasts."

"Yes," answered Carmody, "it's beautiful. There's a whole lot to it that one doesn't see at first glance——" but as he spoke his eyes were fixed on the face of the girl, touched by the last glow of sunset. At the cabin Carmody's eyes were quick to catch the good-fellowship in which the children held Mary Kauffman and the deference of the woman towards the girl.

Retracing their moonlit way, Mary broke an interval of silence with the remark:

"I don't see how you did it! There isn't a prouder woman within twenty miles of the Gap than Mrs. Keegan; her father was a boss and she can never forget it, and yet she took from you enough money to keep them all winter—with the boys in school, at that—and didn't seem to have the notion that she was receiving charity."

"I don't want anybody to know about this, Mary," he said, "can I depend upon you to see that Mrs. Keegan doesn't let a hint of it slip into the ears of the community?"

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, "her gratitude would be the only thing that would make her do it. I think it is beautiful of you to do so much for them."

While Carmody came with Mary occasionally to the cabin, he more often met the girl at the shoulder of the mountain where, on the occasion of her first visit to the widow, Mary had called his attention to the grandeur of the river tearing its way between the narrow sides of the Gap. They had never met by appointment, and perhaps the girl had quite forgotten that she had told Carmody that she often came there to feast her eyes and rest her soul—but The Boss had not! And it is certain she did not realize that, in those meetings upon the shoulder of the mountain, it was of herself and her world that they invariably talked. There had not been a human being in the whole settlement, up to the time her acquaintance with Carmody began, to whom she had felt free to talk of the things that were in her heart. The realization that the people with whom her lot had been cast could not understand the things about which she most wished to talk had caused her to withhold companionship from them.

But this sensitive reserve made her only the keener for the real companionship which Carmody offered her—and in so quiet a way that she had no feeling that it was being offered. So it came about that the girl, in these meetings

above the rapids, did most of the talking, and The Boss listened, for the most part, with now and then a question or a smile which drew out fresh revelations of her history and her character.

The nearest approach to a word of sentiment from the lips of The Boss was when the girl told him of the grief and loneliness following her mother's death and realization that she was left absolutely alone in the world so far as relatives or support was concerned.

"It strikes me that some get more than their share of the hard knocks," was Carmody's comment. And then he added:

"If you were in trouble now, you wouldn't feel quite so desperately helpless, would you?"

"No, sir," she answered without restraint or embarassment, "after knowing how good you are to those in trouble, I couldn't feel as deserted as I did then. But the Mennonite family with whom I went to live were good to me and gave me a chance to go to school. They fed me well—but I was hungrier for sympathy and comfort than for food, and they didn't know how to give me that, excepting in the way of religion. And even in their religious life they are as quiet as they are honest and earnest. Sometimes I used to get so wild to let out my feelings instead of forever keeping them in, that I used to go up into the haymow when they were away and just scream!"

Occasionally, Carmody had, when in the humor, talked of the big bridge and of the satisfaction it gave him to think that every bolt and nut and rivet had been put in place to stay; that there had not been a single thing slighted or a dishonest evasion or trick in the whole work; that he liked to build bridges, not only because it was his business, but also because there was a joy in looking back at the work—perhaps when lying awake at night—and thinking that the safety of perhaps thousands of people could be trusted to those spans. And then the girl would grow enthusiastic and say: "I think it's something like that in teaching school, too."

One evening, as the softness of summer still held the ground against the overdue frosts of autumn, Mary found Carmody waiting for her at the Shoulder Rock. Before, she had always had plenty of time in which to dream before he came—and often he did not come at all, for their talks were by no means at regular intervals. To-night, however, he was not only awaiting her, but there was something in the smile with which he welcomed her that betrayed an unusual quality in his mood. As she took her usual seat on the roots of a pine, she vaguely wondered what made him seem a little different than before.

He looked up quietly, however, and in his ordinary tone of voice remarked:

"I've been wondering just how I seem to you?"

"Why, how do you mean?" she asked in return, with a little startled laugh.

"Old? A lot older than you, for instance?"

"Why, no—I hadn't thought of it that way. I guess I hadn't thought of it at all. I——"

"Never mind," he interrupted. After a moment's silence, in which he looked dreamily down the Gap, he arose and seated himself beside her on the yielding pine needles, clasping his knees with his hands and again gazing abstractedly into the gorge.

She had become used to his lapses into silence and understood them too well to speak.

"Mary," he finally said, "have you had the least suspicion that I have come to love you, that I want to take you away with me as my wife when the big bridge is finished?"

Her face went white under his steady eyes. She did not attempt to speak, but only shook her head.

"Well, I have. And before I ask if you love me—or if you will—I want to tell you how you seem to me. From boyhood I've been rather solitary and inclined to keep to myself. Then, too, I got interested in doing things before I was fairly out of my teens. The work fascinated me and I gave myself to it with all the energy of a solitary man. There were family obligations and burdens, too. Between all these things and the fact that the nature of my work

took me much of the time into out-of-the-way places, I have had comparatively little association with women. But after I had watched you for some time it grew upon me that you were sweet and good and—well—just the kind of a woman I'd like to live with always. This became clear to me after we had had our second talk under these trees. Our friendship had been so matter-of-fact, so simple and unsentimental—to put it that way—that I felt reasonably sure you hadn't thought of anything but just simple, straightforward companionship with me. And so you met me on that ground without any hesitation, or fear or—nonsense. It has seemed to me that you came about as near to thinking out loud with me as a girl can with a man. And everything I learned of your thoughts and feelings in that relationship made me more and more sure that you were as sweet and good as you seemed. Every day has made me care more for you. If you will marry me, Mary, I'll always be good to you and true to you and——"

Tears were in the girl's eyes as she cried out:

"You mustn't! I couldn't let you marry me. You're *The Boss*—and I'm only——"

"The fact that you've waited on table at Mrs Stilton's makes no difference. You're a school teacher, which is a much more intellectual pursuit than being a boss over a gang of laborers—when it comes to comparing things of that sort. I should be the one to hesitate on that ground—if either of us should. Of course, there's a chance that I might not be able to give you all that some men might—but I'm going to urge you to take the chance, dear."

He took the hand that rested beside him on the matted pine needles. At last she looked up, and straight into his eyes, saying:

"What have I thought of you? I've thought about everything that's good, I guess. I've thought that it was impossible that you should ever love me, and that I must drive the very idea of it from my mind every time it came. And I have. At least I've tried to with all the determination I have. But I couldn't help thinking that you were everything that I could love in a man; that you could tell me more by just sitting quietly and not speaking than any man I have ever known could say by a great deal of talking. And you *do* love me. Oh! I hadn't dared dream it—not for a second! You never can know what it means to me, for no one has ever said that to me since mother died. Oh, if you'll love me always, and always tell me that you do, I'd be your wife and live in the poorest cabin in the mountains."

When they returned to the house the girl instinctively sought to release herself from his arm, but the Big Boss said: "No. I'm going to show them that you belong to The Boss, and that he's proud of you."

"Mrs. Stilton," said Carmody, his arm still about the girl's waist, "Mary and I are to be married the day the big bridge is finished. She is going to take you to Toronto to-morrow to help her get some new clothes, and I'm going to Montreal. I'll be back in four days, and then, if you'll consent, we'll have a wedding in your house. Of course, all the expenses, of every sort ——"

"Land alive!" exclaimed the gasping widow. "If the big bridge hain't give us a romance like the ones in th' story papers!"

When the word reached the men that the completion of the bridge meant "wedding bells for the Big Boss," the impetus which it gave to the work was astonishing. There was so keen a desire on the part of the men to bring the date nearer that Carmody, on his return from Montreal, was obliged to resort to special measures of precaution and inspection to make sure that this enthusiasm did not result in a slight to the work.

"Mary," he said to her, at their last meeting at Shoulder Rock, "the spirit which the boys down there in the camp have shown towards us does me more good than anything else in the whole world besides the fact that you love me and are going to be my wife day after to-morrow, when the last rivet is in place and the official inspection is completed. But I recognize that it's as much for you as for me that they have

this feeling. I heard one of the old Irishmen say: 'She's a swate little colleen that th' Big Boss be gettin', and just think, dear, little lonesome girl, we're going to be together always, after the wedding."

"But it just came to me last night," said Mary, "that you'll have to keep right on working—probably harder than ever—and that means you'll be gone from home a good share of the time. Couldn't I go too—and stay with you out on the job, the next time?"

"But you wouldn't mind staying behind if it seemed best, would you?" he asked, very seriously.

"Yes," she added with her queer little laugh, "I would. Years and years I've been without anybody who cared for me especially, and now I can't endure the thought of being separated from you for a month—or even for a week. Oh, it's sweet to be loved!" and the girl laid her cheek against that of The Boss and cried tears of joy.

The wedding of the girl and The Boss is history at the Gap. After it was all over and the train was pulling into Montreal, the girl looked into the eyes of John Carmody and said:

"It's all been so strange, so exciting, that I haven't asked much about the little home that you have provided. Is there furniture enough so that we can go right into it, to-night?"

"Would you rather, dear," he asked, "than to go to a hotel, or stop with my friend John—even if it is just——"

"Oh, ever so much!" she declared. "No matter if it is just a room or two. It'll be *our home*, and I can't wait till I get into it—not one night, even! Is there any furniture there yet?"

"A bed and bureau and a few chairs," he answered.

"And a kitchen stove?"

"Yes—a sort of a stove that will answer the purpose."

The big blue eyes of Mary were dilated with wonder and excitement as John Carmody led her through the iron gate of the train shed into the station and thence upon the street with its babel of cabmen and cars and wagons.

"It makes me a little afraid," she said, drawing closer to him and clutching his arm more tightly.

"Why!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's John's carriage. Stand here a moment and let me speak to his driver."

In an instant he was back at her side again.

"How kind of John to send his carriage to take us to our little home. We'll get inside while Clive, the man, gets your trunk and puts it up in front."

As he opened the door, she gave a little cry, and he exclaimed:

"Flowers! On my life! If John keeps up this kind of attention to my little wife all the way through I'm afraid you'll ——"

But he said no more as her head dropped upon his shoulder and she cried softly. Then she looked up and said: "It isn't all a dream, is it, dear? Don't tell me that it is —that I'm going to wake up in my lonesome little room at Mrs. Stilton's with no lover, no husband."

"Pinch me and see," he answered, gaily—giving her own arm a squeeze

"There," he exclaimed, as she laughed, "I guess I do like you best when you laugh. But I want some tears—of a kind that comes from happiness that's too big for words."

As the carriage rolled down the long boulevard his strong arm was about her and he found more words of tenderness to pour into her ears than he had ever used in all his life before.

Suddenly he peered out the carriage window and exclaimed:

"Why, here we are almost at John's house! It's the big place with the iron fence just ahead—the one that takes up the whole block. Wouldn't it be rather nice just to stop a moment—long enough to thank John for sending the carriage and for the flowers?"

"But it's such a grand house—and he must be very rich," she answered, timidly.

"He is," admitted John, "about the richest man I know. But he's been very close to me, dear; we've known each other for years—and he's just as plain and simple as——"

"Would it please you very much?" she asked

"Yes, sweetheart, very much!"

"Then we'll stop—but I'm afraid."

"Afraid of John!" he exclaimed, with a boyish laugh. "It 'll all vanish the minute you know him."

Then he called up to the driver, and a moment later the carriage had wound along the white driveway, between banks of shrubbery and under splendid trees. She even caught a glimpse of flower beds, rich with blooms, and of a fountain's spray sparkling under the electric lights.

A servant opened the carriage door and another bowed low and flung open the big door at the top of the wide stone steps.

"We'll go right into the drawing room and John'll be there in a moment. That's the way I always do at John's house. He'd not think it friendly of me if I didn't."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a frightened undertone. "I'm more afraid than ever. It's—just like a palace. I didn't know there was such magnificence in the world."

"But you're not going to be afraid of John, are you? He's just——"

"Is there a Mrs. John?" this time the question came in a shaking voice, and he could feel her arm tremble.

Suddenly his face became curiously grave and yet alight with joy and a boyish sort of merriment.

"Yes," he answered, "and there she is"—and he turned her gently about and brought her face to face with her own image in the tall old-fashioned pier glass which reached from the floor almost to the ceiling.

"Yes," he repeated, "there she is—and she's the dearest, sweetest woman in the world!"

But a strange agony of incomprehension was in her face, and he knew that the truth of the situation had not yet dawned upon her. Slipping his arm about her he bent until his lips were near her own and said, in a tenderness and seriousness which could not be mistaken for jest:

"My dear little girl, you're Mrs. John—I'm John and this is your home—your very own."

A little cry came from her lips and in a second she crumpled into his arms, limp and unconscious. When she opened her eyes she was in a chamber more beautiful and dainty than she knew how to dream of; a white-capped maid was vanishing through the door and John was bending over her, kissing her hands and exclaiming:

"Forgive me, dearest. I'm such a bungler of a man. I should have known what a strain it has all been."

"But is it true, dear? All this?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Yes, it's true, Mary. It's your home. It's been mine for years. I'm not simply the boss. I'm the contractor and I only staid on the job because you were there. In fact, I haven't had any need to stay in the business for several years. I have more money than we can well spend in all our life together. But I couldn't keep away from the work. I'd lived my life in it, and every now and then the old longing for building would come over me and I couldn't resist. There was nothing to keep me then. Now there is—and I promise never to take a job that will take me away from you for a single week. Do you forgive me for the little—deception—I've practiced? I didn't think it would be more than you could stand—like this."

And for her answer she drew his face down to hers and closed her arms about his neck

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing" Mr Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor He holds that while the new lands of the world and especially of Canada furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization" To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement but held back by the pressure toward the great cities

CHAPTER XII —CONTINUED.

Financial and commercial organization, all the great machines of modern progress, are tools for the development of cities. We have invented and applied all possible conveniences and comforts and allurements for townspeople, and until lately have permitted the country folk to shift for themselves. The whole force of modern social development has been directed to urban growth. The result of all this is a violation of the great law of supply and demand. The city calls to itself thousands more in population than it can use. It overplays its hand. It invites its own destruction. The city dwellers are helpless simply because there are too many of them all alike. They do not know the country; they have a dread and a contempt for it. They do not know how to go to the country, and do not want to know. The suffering of the city is by reason of a wrong direction of life.

Now, this suffering bears the harder on Canada because she is and must be in the very nature of things mainly an agricultural country. This *third* wave of population of the United States; ought to be made coincident with Canada's *first* frontier wave. She needs farmers, not city dwellers. Yet when the unskilled man, the weak man, the illiterate or inefficient man, arrives in Canada, he rarely turns to the farm. The life he has known at home is the life of the city. He has become gregarious in that most intimate association of grime and crime. It is such association that he seeks in Canada. What shall be done with him?

In March, 1908, a speaker in the House of Commons in Ottawa, opposing the Laurier Government's immigration policy, said: "We have in Canada to-day in our cities and towns a very considerable number of men who are out of employment. These men are

very largely the worst of the class of immigrants that has been brought in from England during the last year. We had approximately 250,000 people come to Canada last year. If that immigration had been sifted in some way, and 25,000 had been left at home, we should not have the number of men out of employment which we now have. Twenty-five thousand probably will cover the men who are really suffering in Canada to-day from want of employment, and most of these are Englishmen. It is certainly the duty of the Government to provide some means, whether by making more stringent regulations at our ports on this side, or by making more stringent regulations at the ports on the other side, of keeping at home in England so large a number of immigrants who, once arrived in Canada, must forever be a detriment to our country."

What of Canada's 25,000 unemployed—if we shall accept as accurate these figures, which may or may not be correct and which probably fall far under the mark of accuracy? What of Canada's newly-imported problem of the London bread-line? Earl Grey, the Governor-General of the Dominion, in public utterance, declares that the country needs men; that the demand for labor is great, the supply small

"If you were to ask me," he says, "what point has struck me as requiring the attention of those who can spare sufficient time from the agreeable business of making their own fortunes, I would say that the chief requisite of Canada appears to me to be the taking of such steps as will increase the supply of *labor*. I am impressed by the evidence which has reached me from every side of the way in which agricultural and industrial development, besides great public works of construction, on which the life of the country depends, are kept back by the *difficulty of obtaining labor*."

Yet at that moment there were nearly 25,000 Englishmen in Canada who were suffering from lack of employment! At this rate, if the present theory of Canada's relation to England shall obtain, there may in ten years, possibly in five years, be 250,000 *unemployed men in Canada*. Most of these will continue to be Englishmen. What will Canada do with them?

The Governor-General goes on to say: "There is much work requiring to be done, which the Englishman will not do, and for which it would appear that foreign labor must be imported from outside."

With all due and fitting respect for the Governor-General, it would appear to an impartial outside observer, that he is inviting the cooking of a very handsome kettle of fish! Let us figure it, from one or two angles. All England feels that Canada belongs to her. Ask any new-come Englishman as to that. Canada is full and will be fuller of Englishmen. She has an unlimited amount of work to do—upon her comes all the press of a concentrated century; yet this is work which "Englishmen will not do!" To an impartial observer it would seem that this sort of Englishman will in time run counter to the Scriptural mandate which has something to say about the sweat of the brow. Scandinavian, German, Irish, Galicians, seek and find employment, and make good Canadian citizens. Why should Englishmen be idle? And if they persist in idleness, why should Canada continue to receive them—why should she care for those who nourish in their bosoms neither affection for Great Britain nor desire for Canada and her honest problems of work? It is easy to see Canada's answer to the new-come Englishman who feels that he ought to have first chance over a better and more willing man. It is the answer of commonsense. No Englishman should flatter himself it will be changed for him.

In Western Canada there is work for five times twenty-five thousand men; in Eastern Canada twenty-five thousand idle men walk the streets. If matters go on as at present, that latter number will quintruple soon. Thrifty Canada, where for two centuries there has been but little divergence between the extremes of wealth and poverty, where richness has not come so easily, so suddenly, as in the States, is amazed at this unaccustomed army of the idle. Canada has above all things been in-

dustrious; she has not been accustomed to seeing either numbers of very rich men, or numbers of very idle men. The bread-line has been almost unknown to Canada.

The Governor-General continues: "I believe that there is an abundance of capital ready to come in to develop the resources of Canada, if only the necessary labor can be obtained. An abundant supply of cheap labor would also appear to be a condition precedent to the demand for highly-paid labor, such as that which the skilled artisans of Toronto can supply; and if your railways awaiting construction are to be quickly built, and your lands are to be cleared at a cost which will not impose an unnecessarily heavy charge for all time upon yourselves and your children, this question of labor is one which calls for your attention."

The latter statement would seem to be an eminently safe one, yet labor is idle in thousands! What is wrong?

May one be allowed to say that what is most wrong is the whole wrong direction of life? What is wrong is the gregarious instinct of the poor. What is wrong is the old gravitation toward grime and crime, the instinct of herding together. Can that instinct be overcome? No, it cannot and will not be overcome by those upon whom it sits the hardest. *This* is the problem that the *best* of the city must meet, the best thinkers, the best men of affairs, the best governments. It will never be solved by leaving it to general abstractions; or by leaving it to the people themselves.

Already the cities of Canada offer in little the vast problem of London. But if a part of that energy which is annually expended in re-establishing London in Toronto and Montreal, were put forth in an effort to get these unemployed men out of Toronto and Montreal, and into the Canadian West—if there were intelligent energy spent in bringing the man and the job together —then there would be such westbound travel as would tax every railway of the Dominion!

This is all true, yet it seems to remain to be discovered empirically. In the larger Eastern Canadian cities small societies have been successful for years in their work of finding country homes for city children. Other societies have been successful in transporting unemployed men to small Ontario farms, where they are supplied each with a suitable house at a nominal rent, a cow, a couple of pigs and poultry, where credit for necessities is guaranteed at a local store, and where the head of the family may find employment in the lumber camps or elsewhere during the months when he may leave his farm. This work has been at least moderately successful. The larger work of getting labor into Western Canada ought not to be more difficult. The co-operation of the governments of Western Canada would be necessary, and perhaps, as is so often the case, the initiative would need to be taken by strong individual men; but there is nothing impossible about it, unless it be impossible for Canada to become sufficiently in earnest to induce strong men to take up the very matter on which the Governor-General of Canada declares her future rests.

There can be no doubt of the truth of Earl Grey's statement that Canada needs labor, and that she can get all the capital she needs, if only she can get labor. The actual trouble under that lies in the fact that your English laboring man, the very one with whom and over whom we are so much concerned, is in the course of the years becoming *unwilling to work.* Is that not the truth? If it is true, why is it true? The Governor-General does not tell us why; but Canada one day *must* tell us why.

The instinct of exercise comes to any strong creature. *Fitness* to work very usually accompanies *willingness* to work. If the English immigrant is not *willing* to work, may we not deduce the truth that perhaps he is not *fit* to work? May we not go further, and say that perhaps it is not any more his fault than our fault, the fault of the city, the fault of a *wrong tendency of life*, that he is not fit to work?

How can we make over this unfit Englishman into a fit laboring man?

The Governor-General is unfortunately, perhaps discreetly, mute as to that.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A STATESMAN.

THERE are, then, as our theme shows, three flags entitled to our attention to-day. One is the flag of Great Britain, respectable for what it is and what it has been: another is the flag of the United States, worth regard, let a Yankee modestly say, at least for what it might have been; the last is the flag of Canada, interesting for what it yet *may* be. The phrasing of this ought to warrant, and ought in turn to bespeak, a cold and impartial attitude of mind.

From the standpoint of a thinking man, the author declines to render reverence to his own country's mistakes and failures; although he has no wish to exchange that country for another, is not compelled by stress of poverty or paucity of opportunity to leave his own country, nor urged by any business reason to care more for another than for his own. With equal candour he submits that any thinking man ought to decline reverence for the flag of Great Britain beyond what it deserves on its record of actual achievement. Again, as to the assertion that the flag of Great Britain is not that of Canada, one needs point only to the debate to-day on both sides of the sea. Within the last few years the flag of Canada has been changing more to the color and pattern of that of the United States. Ah, but let us look at this in a cold and impartial attitude of mind! Let us examine the facts and not deal with sentiment. It is logic, and not loyalty which is here coldly and impartially demanded. I write for men, not children. The only hypothesis we need is that flags differ with environments, and that the environments of Canada and the American Republic steadily continue more and more to resemble each other. That this latter is true, is due to act of Canada herself—primarily to the act of one of Canada's statesmen!

The facts as to the recent discovery farming-Canada are too unmistakable to leave misconstruction possible. These facts lie in the dull record of the Dominion Parliament. They tell a story of change. That change was brought about not through politics, after all, *but through the working out of natural laws.* Until we can dismiss with contempt the differences between the Conservative and the Liberal, between the British flag and the American flag; until we can go into these matters in a cold and impartial attitude of mind, until we can be men, and not children, we are not fit to go into any proper study of colonization. Until we can believe that Mr. Clifford Sifton was consciously or unconsciously something bigger than the agent of a political party, we surely are not fit to go into the matter of forecasting futures.

Suppose, then, we undertake to conceive of Canada as made up both of Liberals and Conservatives. Suppose we conceive the idea that a nation may be guided unconsciously by a large destiny, which is mostly to say by a vast commonsense. Then we may call Mr. Sifton the unconscious instrument of destiny, if we be Conservative and hate him; or the administrator of a good policy, if we be Liberal and admire him.

Of course it is known that the rebirth of Western Canada began in 1897, at the time when, as Minister of the interior, Mr. Sifton broadened the immigration policy of the Dominion. Before that time the United States had been the Mecca of European and Canadian emigration. The educated young man of Ontario did not go to Saskatchewan, but to Boston, New York or Chicago—in numbers amounting to very many thousands. The Western Canadian plains remained barren and uncared for. Even the Minister of the Interior, in defending his policy before parliament, had to admit that he himself had reason to believe that country a desert; although at the same time, with the other hand so to speak, he could point out the vast discovery that in the twinkling of an eye the land had gone in value from one dollar to ten per acre.

Under the Sifton ministry, at any

rate, many changes went forward. The labours of the Canadian High Commissioner, which previously had been largely diplomatic, were replaced by the practical efforts of a business man, a national "boomer" so to speak, who went to England and tried to make England understand what Western Canada was. The Canadian government told a million and a half men in England what Canada was; and by means of advertisement and literature told some ten million others what Canada was.

About all the government could tell then was that Canada had not yet solved her western farming problems; because the truth at that time was that Canada had not yet patented two million acres in all;—she could not even *give away* her land to homesteaders.

Attention was turned to the United States, where three hundred agencies were established, and a wide campaign of advertising undertaken, estimated to have reached millions of families. Still the Americans would not come. One agent worked two years, and sent one solitary family across the line. Up to 1897 only 701 persons had left the United States for Canada, as against very many times more than that number of Canadians who for many years had been going to the United States! In 1897 about 20,000 British came to Canada. In the current year about eight times that many British have been received by the Dominion. The total immigration into Canada in seven years has been about 900,000—not as much as the United States has been getting *each year* for many years past; although now the republic wishes it had not quite so many of a certain sort.

Canada, thrifty and not very rich, has been keeping house in a small apartment, three flights up, her *menage* very modest but very free from care. Now suddenly heiress to fortune, she is establishing herself in a mansion with better appointments, more servants—and *more problems*. With her new splendours come new responsibilities. Her essays at broadening her social relations meet criticism, call up recrimination, invite debate, develop even acrimonious backbiting.

Some have said that Canada would better have staid in her modest apartment three flights up, and blame Mr. Sifton for inviting her out of it. These must admit that from 1898 to 1903, 123,000 Americans came over into Canada, bringing with them forty-four million dollars worth of effects. There were twenty-five thousand families among these, and to get these into Canada cost only $701,000. None the less, there have not lacked those who said that these American families ought to have been left at home. These are the folk who are willing to talk politics, but unwilling to look fate in the face.

These Americans are not liked, but are needed in Canada. The precise truth of it is that Canada hates Yankees, but wants them. She does not want to imitate the American republic, but does imitate it as fast as she can! She wishes the United States to remain at home, but busily imports all she can of the United States, and advertises for more. Protesting that her theory is that of the empire, in spite of herself she will annually undertake more and more to resemble the United States, more and more in spite of herself, continue to take on the American idea of life. Her attitude is far more supercilious toward the American immigrant than that of the Republic toward any immigrant whatever. The Republic has until recently been too rich and too busy to care one way or the other who came to its shores. Soon Canada will be more busy. Perhaps then her hostility will be less obvious. On both sides of the line and on both sides of the sea there should be modified that intolerance of reason which is unable to face the truth, and unable to discount the future by admitting what that truth is going to spell in future years.

To be continued.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

BY T. G. MARQUIS

Author of "Marguerite de Roberval"

A NOVEMBER day! A bitter, biting November day! A cold mist lay upon the world and beat in ragged racks across the great waves. There was no sign of land; none of the usual horrors that the words "stormy November" suggest. Bare trees, rolls of dank leaves soaking in the mud would have been a relief. But it was November on the ocean, and the great, green, pitiless mountains rolled up against the steamship, lashing her bows, thudding at her sides, and swirling away with angry snarl from her creaking rudder and grinding screw.

She was an ocean tramp, heavily freighted; her decks crowded with cattle. The thick mist that blew across her dripped in little rivulets from the cattle sheds, where stood the shivering steers, and where the shivering cattlemen on watch sought shelter from the penetrating cold. But it was in vain; there was no escape; the dank air went through skin and blood and bone to the very marrow.

It was sunset time, but a night-like pall lay over the waters. The Captain had by his dead reckoning made shrewd guesses at his whereabouts, but as no sun or star had shown itself for days, and as the horizon had been like a range of turbulent hills he knew nothing definite of his latitude or longitude. But he could not slacken the speed of his ship; dividends must be paid and a day or two behind his time would mean loss to the stockholders; and so he fearlessly sent his craft pounding through the seas, shouldering her way through the mist, instinctively following the right path over the pathless deep as he had done a hundred times before.

"We're in for a durn bad night," said the boss cattleman, Billy McCann, by name. He had charge of a hundred steers, wild brutes from the far Cherokee reservation. His lips were firmly set as he gazed at the thick, black smoke that streamed from the funnels like gigantic ropes, stretching far and stiff before the gale, burying themselves in the grey mist.

"You're right," broke in a girlish looking lad named Howard. "Shoo! Did you see the top of that chap; it was almost over us."

The exclamation was caused by a breaking wave which had rolled up to the very edge of the vessel and showed its foaming crest high above the cattle sheds

"What the devil do you know about it, Stiff!"* said the boss. "That was an or'nary one. We'll have it hot and heavy before mornin' or me name's not Billy McCann. Look out you damn fool, or you'll get your bloomin' bones broken."

As he spoke he leapt to the windward side of the vessel in time to escape being knocked down, but not in time to escape a drenching.

On the instant there was an almost human cry of terror from some of the steers, accompanied by a chorus of rough, brutal curses from the cattlemen who stood knee-deep in the tons of water that swirled about the decks, for the scuppers were choked with muck and would not allow it to run off.

"Pick yourself up out of that, you tarnal fool," shouted McCann to Howard, who had been swept on all fours under the head-boards of the cattle on the leeward side. "Pick yourself up out of that muck and lend a hand!"

His help was needed; the huge mass

*The name applied to a cattleman on his first voyage.—THE AUTHOR.

of water that had fallen upon the sheds had crushed boards here and there and several stanchions were smashed. At one spot the water had poured through in a mighty river.

Howard pulled himself together as quickly as he could, began untying the steers that were "crossed",* retied them, took a pitchfork and prodded up several others that had fallen down and were in danger of being rolled out of the sheds by the rolling vessel.

"Quick, a knife!" shouted McCann. "I can't get this brute untied."

"Haven't any!"

"Then, use your eyes! Take that hatchet—there, by the hay."

In a moment one blow had severed the straining rope, and the steer rolling out of the narrow trough plunged forward to regain his feet. In his effort he knocked Howard down, but fell forward himself among the hay, groaning.

"Leg broken," said McCann callously. "We will have to throw you to the fishes. Lie where you are till I can get the Captain's ear, but you can bless this storm for giving you a few more hours of pain. We won't be able to throw you over till morning. Pick yourself up, Stiff, what a chump you are to be ever gettin' in the road. It's a bloomin' pity that wave hadn't washed you overboard. You're no good"—and he took a short clay pipe from his vest pocket—"and never won't be no good either. Trampin' your way back to your friends"—and he took a handful of tobacco from a rubber pouch. "They sent you to the New World to make a fortune—be a Gould or a Carnegie, no doubt. You'll be the laughin' stock of your village, and back you'll tramp to some seaport, stow yourself away among the cargo, be fished out by the mate when the vessel is well to sea, looking like a starved rat. I know your breed" and he pressed the tobacco into his pipe with his thumb—"and tramp, tramp, tramp; you'll be up and down America sleepin' in barns"—and he scratched a match on his overalls—"asking for a hand-out"—a callous puff—"then to jail and at last to Sing Sing" and he sent out a huge satisfied cloud of smoke.

By this time the vessel was sailing easier. The Captain, fearing for his deckload, had altered his course slightly to avoid the trough of the seas; and, though spray occasionally sprinkled the decks, and the great, grim, ruthless waves showed their crests high above the sides, no further damage was done.

Howard was kept busy working at the sheds under the direction of his boss, but in the gathering darkness he worked on gloomily. The words uttered so callously, so cruelly had made a deep impression on him. He felt the truth of them all the more keenly because they came from a man whose esteem he had tried to win; for, despite McCann's rough exterior, he had traits of character that attracted the weaker and more refined youth to him. He knew the reception he would receive at home where there were already too many mouths to be supplied. He knew, too, that time and again in the New World he had been on the verge of crime. Why was he going home? Now that but a few miles separated him from his friends, he dreaded the return; and yet he dreaded still more the land he had just left. There, as McCann had so ruthlessly pointed out, he could see nothing for him but beggary and crime. He cursed the instability of his character, he cursed the dreams that ever allured him only to disappoint. The turbulent ocean waves tempted him, and he felt like leaping on the cattle-sheds and plunging beneath their foaming summits. As he stared across the seas his young eyes caught through the mists a dim point of light on the far horizon.

"A light!" he shouted.

"Where?" asked McCann.

"There! on the starboard bow!"

"Tory, by Heavens! the Captain's hit her well again. Never knew the old man to fail. I'm mighty thankful to see the old light. We're in for two or three days of this weather and mighty few steers we'd land if we had to be out in it. Hell! what's that?"

*When a steer is lying down its companion frequently steps over it and in this way the head ropes are crossed.—THE AUTHOR.

The exclamation was caused by a strange change in the motion of the ship. She had been plunging her nose into the smother, buffeting the pounding seas, taking them on her quarter and casting them from her bravely; but now she rolled before them like a log, rising with them, but offering no resistance. The decks had ceased to vibrate, the rivets, the bolts, the engines, the screw, had lost their voices, and the huge vessel lay in the waves like a body that had lost its soul.

The engine had broken down within sight of the Irish coast.

All was hurry on board. The first mate leaped to the bridge in answer to the Captain's whistle, and the Captain half distracted in mind, but with an exterior as calm as a summer sea, descended to the engine-room.

"We're in a bad fix, Captain, said the engineer. The condenser is burst, and it'll take twenty-four hours to repair the damage."

"That's bad!" was all the Captain said as he turned to the companionway.

"Do what you can, engineer! we'll have to try to keep her off the land with the trysails; but I'm feared we'll have hard work."

To the bridge he went once more. The mate had already changed the vessel's course, and she was headed well into the wind, the broad trysails making a mighty effort to press her through the rolling swells that roared about her.

"I'm feared, Captain, we can't do it. The fates are against us. The storm is doubled."

"Ay, Mate! but never give in till she strikes. We've had many's the good voyage thegither, Mate, and I've always dreaded this spot. It would no be a bad place to lay one's bones, but for"—he was about to say the wife and bairns, but he remembered the mate's wife and bairns, and it was no time for weakness—"but for the ship, and the cargo and the lives of the good men entrusted to us. How's she doin' now?"

"Driftin' badly, Captain. We'll be drivin' on the Bloody Foreland before mornin'."

"Ah, well, many's a good ship has gone down before us. But she's behavin' well; she may weather it yet."

It was but for a moment. The few inches she seemed to gain she lost immediately, and a mighty wave rolled over her bows falling with crushing force upon her decks.

But still there was no panic on board. The sailors were hardened salts, big bearded fellows from the Highlands; and the cattlemen did not realize the danger they were in. They watched the actions and faces of the Captain, mates, and crew, and hearing no murmur, and seeing no sign of fear, took it for granted that no catastrophe was close at hand.

The storm increased in fury. Slowly but surely the struggling craft neared the dangerous coast. All were on the alert, and as the hopeless signals of distress shot into the air the awfulness of their position began to be realized by all. A barque far out at sea saw their signals and her crew, murmuring, "God help them," kept a point or two still farther out. A few peasants, too, caught sight of the rockets and hurried along the coast to the spot near which she was likely to strike. They had no thought of rescuing the sailors; the floatsam was all they had in mind. Not that they were heedless of human life, but the potato crop had failed; they were starving; and, besides, what men could land safely on their coast in such a storm?

For hours the steamship battled. It was almost morning and the Captain hoped to continue the fight till daybreak. But in vain! The rugged coast loomed up through the darkness, and the Captain knowing how hopeless it would be to attempt to lower the boats did his vessel once strike, gave the command, "To the boats!" But scarcely had the words left his lips when the whole sea seemed to lift the steamship high in the air and hurl her with a thundering crash upon a hidden rock Men, cattle, all fell flat beneath the sudden blow and the boats on the windward side were dashed to splinters. The vessel did not sink, however She was caught fast on a sharp, rocky spur that had pierced her hull as though she had been made of cardboard, and

there she hung groaning and trembling beneath the waves that climbed high over her sides, poured down into the stokehold, put out the fires and sent vast volumes of steam rolling in clouds above her. The cattle-sheds were swept fore and aft, and the decks in an instant were a horrible medley of maddened steers and broken boards and stanchions. The curses of men, the rush of the terrified crew, the bellowing of cattle, the crashing of great seas, was indescribable. Terror seemed to seize all hands. There was but one boat and into that they tumbled pell-mell, sinking it to the gunwale.

"Mate, I'm sorry for the lads," said the Captain. "They'll never reach shore in her. Let's bide by the ship, we may get off in the mornin'. She's stuck fast enough here. If I have to end the fight I'd like to end it with me ship. We've been thegither for thirty year the now."

The mate said not a word, but clung for a moment to the Captain's hand and bracing himself to resist the waves that struck the bridge, looked through the darkness at the boat which was borne before the wind through the wreckage and the weltering masses of grain that oozed through the hole in the steamer's bottom.

"Did you see that, Captain?"

"Ay, poor fellows!"

The words were caused by the sudden overturning of the heavily laden boat. The crew and cattlemen had hoped for safety, and were rejoicing at escaping from the wreck without mishap when an unexpected danger confronted them. The cattle had been swept into the sea and the frantic creatures were all about them, bellowing furiously. At length the boat struck one maddened creature, which in its struggle for life managed to get its forelegs over the gunwale of the boat and before the men in the crowded craft could beat it away its weight had overturned them. Shrieks of men in the agony of death mingled with the grim roaring of the gale and the mad cries of the cattle!

Howard, a strong swimmer, struck out boldly, freeing himself from the struggling mass, and seeing at some little distance a large part of the top of the cattle-sheds made bravely for it and succeeded in drawing himself out of the water, although greatly bruised by the wreckage. The struggle and the bitter coldness of the Atlantic had exhausted him, and he lay for a moment nerveless and spent; but a familiar voice roused him. It was McCann, who was struggling on a board a few feet away, and who, unable to retain his grip, was energetically swearing with what breath he had left. Howard saw his plight and unmindful of his own life threw himself from his raft, seized McCann in a firm grip, and pulled him to the floating shed. They mounted the raft with difficulty, and when they were in comparative safety the man who had been so unexpectedly rescued had no words to utter his feelings—even his profanity failed him. After a few minutes, during which, had it not been dark and had not the spray been dashing in blinding clouds about them, Howard might have seen an unaccustomed tear in his rough friend's eye, McCann exclaimed:

"Well, by God, Stiff!"

That was all, but there was a world of meaning in the words. A momentary respite from death (for McCann had but little hope of reaching the shore) he owed to the lad's bravery and energy.

"I take it back, Howard," he said, "I take it back! you ain't no stiff, and you won't end a tramp or a jail-bird either!"

His voice was drowned in the roar, the shore was very near now and the great boulders grinding along the stony bottom sent up a sound like continuous thunder. The beetling cliffs, based by wave-worn caverns, moaned and hissed and roared with a hideous din. A moment and death or life would be theirs. Suddenly they felt their frail raft checked. It was caught in the thunderous smother of the surf, and churned to pieces as though seized in a maelstrom. The next moment and they were struggling feebly in white, seething waters, bruised and nerveless. Now they felt themselves dragged out to sea, now they were tossed back into the surf. Consciousness left them,

when a long line of waves racing in one on the back of another caught and hurled them high up on the beach. McCann was fortunate. A great mass of sea-weed, lay among the rocks and on this he was thrown, stunned, but otherwise uninjured. But Howard was not so fortunate; a wave tossed him against a boulder, a second caught him and crushed his skull and left him lying at the edge of the rollers that now and again swept over his face, seemingly hungry to draw him back into their maw.

It was full day before McCann recovered consciousness. He was scarcely able to crawl, but the first thought was for his comrade. When he found him stiff and cold in death he was thoroughly unmanned. He dragged him out of the reach of the waters and for a moment held his head on his knees and gazed into the girlish face, now all the more feminine and delicate in death.

He had had his hopes. He was fast growing to be an old man. Without a tie of kith or kin, his heart in its rough way had gone out to this lad, and the brutal words he had used to him had been uttered in all kindness. He wanted to make a man of him. He had intended to prevent him from going to his home, to keep him with him at the cattle till better work could be found, and then—but it was all ended now! Alone he stood in the world once more, and his heart grew hard within him.

He crept up the beach to see if any human being were in sight. Here and there he saw figures stealthily prowling among the rocks. They doubtless saw him, too, but paid no heed to him, taking him for one of their own friends in search of wreckage. On the summit of the cliff that broke abruptly down to the beach, he came upon a steer. He recognized the brute as it gently nibbled tufts of scanty grass. It recognized him, too, stared in his face, then turned its head and looked out at the furious billows that had tossed it on shore. With a frightened snort and an angry lash of its tail, it rushed away, fearing no doubt that the creature before it was come to carry it back to its stormy prison house. But a richer tuft of grass caught its eye, and it stopped in its flight and browsed fiercely

McCann saw in the distance a pillar of smoke rising apparently out of the ground, but on nearer approach he found that it came from a wretched clay hovel. But the smoke was a welcome sight; it was to him the breathing spirit of human life and with hopeful heart he dragged himself towards it. A couple of starved skeletons fled within alarmed at his coming, and an old hag bent double with years and toil came to the hut door.

As she saw him she almost screamed in his face, "The blessed saints heard me prayers, the blessed Virgin sent me meat for me starvin' childer."

As McCann thought of the noble ship, with its noble freight, and those two heroes on the bridge, and the lad lying down by the sea, he could not but smile at the grim humor of the situation. But the people were generous; they shared with him a part of an ox they had found, and when they had well gorged they went with him to the beach and helped him make the dead ready for burial and wailed over the lad as though he had been their own child.

When the mist cleared towards noon and the seas calmed a little, McCann scanned the water for the steamship,—but in vain. She had struggled bravely to keep her rocky seat, but at last the waves conquered and rolling over she plunged downward with her two brave officers

Home in Scotland their bairns wept when in the morning the news of the wreck was broken to them, and the eldest boys braced themselves to go down into the deep to make their bread as their fathers had done; but around the Bloody Foreland the gossoons rejoiced: they had meat in abundance.

THE SMITH OF CALEDONIA

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

"I HAVEN'T shod an ox for ten years, and I'll never shoe another."

This from the village blacksmith of Caledonia fulfilled the promise of interest that came from his bearded, spectacled, finely chiselled face. A blacksmith with a beard as neat and as pointed as if it belonged to a saintly banker of Wall Street, and an eye that suggested a philosophic student; a blacksmith who declined to make shoes for the beasts of burden which are most plentiful in his district—what sort of a man was he, in what sort of country?

I drove oxen on the Western Prairie when I was at the birth of many wheatfields. The collar was the main feature of the harness; and the only yoke the cattle knew was the same that horses carried. We didn't shoe oxen for the trails of Saskatchewan. It seems to be thought necessary to do it in Nova Scotia, because the roads are stone covered. Nova Scotia is like unto nothing else,—in people, or in social or commercial polity, in North America. Geographically, it is almost sundered from the rest of the country; and geography was always a social and economic factor of the first magnitude.

Oxen in Nova Scotia are geared a l'Hanover of the middle eighteenth century, and also a l'Hanover of the early twentieth century. They carry the yokes over the ears, strapped to the horns. They wear eight shoes each. The cloven hoof is the only thing in which an ox is more costly than a horse,—if you except the patience he extorts from his driver.

There is nothing, even in patristic theology, half as rigid as the fore-end deportment of a yoke of Nova Scotian oxen. They may wriggle their hindquarters with a certain semblance of freedom, but their heads are fixed quantities. If you want to know what a stiff necked people could do if they really tried, watch this bovine partnership at work. It looks as if the yoke were on the weakest part of the animal. But if you have seen the weight moving contests at Caledonia Fair, the starting of loads of stone on stoneboats,—you would learn that there is more than brains in a horned head. I have concluded that the effect of this rigidity in harness is to decline the ox's primal dignity into his feet, where it abides until shoeing day comes round, and then produces such a contest between man and brute creation that no place but Nova Scotia can furnish.

I had supposed the docile cattle I had seen hauling fish and lumber would hoist the hoof at the blacksmith's invitation with the ease and constancy that belongs to horses in similar cases. It was my first idea to the contrary that brought me within the portals of the refined blacksmith of Caledonia, whose name, I am glad to say, is Lovelace. The shop is near where the highway to Lake Rossignol forks away from the Liverpool road; close by the church, whose emptiness attests the decay of protestant episcopacy hereabouts. The big door was open, and I saw an extraordinary contraption that might be the frame of a many-knived guillotine, the framework of a sawmill, or the vacated prison of some jumping, steaming piece of machinery, that had grown too ancient for even the backyard of a modern world.

So I enquired of the artificer who was sharpening a two pronged hoe,—they dig potatoes and transplant shrubs with two-pronged hoes in Nova Scotia, and like the exercise.

"That," says he. "Oh, that's for shoeing oxen, but I don't do any of that work now."

"No money in it?" I ventured.

"Two dollars an ox—twice as much as for a horse," was the reply. "I'd rather be without the money, and let somebody else do the job. Haven't you seen one before?"

I hadn't.

"I'll give you that one if you'll take it away."

"Don't you prefer to keep it to remind you of the more picturesque side of your profession?" I hazarded.

"Say that again, if you please."

I said it again.

"I wanted to be quite sure you said 'picturesque.' You wouldn't call it picturesque if you had to do it. There's more profanity and more dirt about shoeing one ox than in breaking in half a dozen colts to the paring knife. Picturesque! Gee-roosalem! Not a damned bit picturesque. I'm a spotless saint compared with what I was when I used that machine two or three times a week; and I very seldom sing psalms in church or out."

"Did the children like it?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that that old trap drove my boys from home, but I know nothing would induce them to come back to it."

"I didn't mean your sons, 'The children coming home from school,' you know."

" 'Look in at the open door.' Oh yes, I know what you're thinking of. I guess they looked in sometimes. But a man who is having his nerves, patience, skin and temperature tried all at once isn't going to have his temper further tried by making a show of his job to a lot of sniggering kids. Now, a man holding a horse's hoof arcoss his knee, and just taking the hot shoe away from the hoof, makes quite a picture for a calendar, don't he? A man can do that and really look as though he goes to church on Sunday, and with hard, rough hands wipes teardrops from his eyes. But for the land's sake, mister, can you see anything picturesque about an ox rigged to death in that thing, having shoes nailed on him at fifty cents the hoof, by a man who is halfway to purgatory all the time he's doing the job?" . .

Blacksmith Lovelace, you perceive, talks not as other blacksmiths talk. Don't think he is contemptuous of his handicraft, or of those who idealize it. A poet at the anvil would give him rare delight, and he would tell that same poet at eventide more things about the human side of blacksmithing than could be packed into five and twenty stanzas.

Lovelace came over to the scaffold,—I can't think of a better name for it—and expounded its uses. Mr. Ox walks into a framework of timbers, the main beams of which are about eight inches by six, which, if he has pastured well, will just touch his sides. He puts his head under a yoke, as he does when at work, and it is made fast. The yoke slides along iron bars for adjusting purposes, and is attachable to the end stanchions, so that the innocent creature, if he wants to do something with his head, must either flap his ears, or open his mouth, and play with his tongue.

Fixed to one side of the scaffold is a broad band of canvas which is passed under his belly, and hooked to chains on the other side, the chains being part of a windlass, with which Mr. Ox is lifted off his feet. His head is in a vise; he cannot jump, but he can and does seek for something with his feet—he swims in the air. They are not long at liberty. Through the stays on either half of the scaffold are holes. Ropes are put around the ox's legs, drawn through the stays, fixed like hawsers, and, though the beast may heave, he cannot move. The younger set heave something more than sighs. The old fellows acquire a sort of pious resignation to the game, even before their feet are at rest.

On the whole, ox-shoeing is perhaps the best paid mechanical work in the highlands of Nova Scotia. And yet village blacksmith Lovelace has refused it for a long decade. He has other interests of course. He is the first blacksmith I have known who is also a watchmaker, as expert as if he had been 'prenticed to the trade. I doubt if there is such another in all this wide continent.

More, he is a worker in brass and silver. There is a brass band at

Caledonia, an institution that has its own hall and is substantial enough to carry a mortgage. They sent their first disabled instruments to Toronto to be repaired,—Toronto, thirteen hundred miles away. Lovelace said, "Why didn't you bring them to me?" Next time they did. To-day, half the bands in Nova Scotia send their plant to Lovelace for renovation.

The Caledonia paper diffuses its genius under the name of "The Gold-hunter." Its press was run by a big negro who turned a flywheel filled with stones,—a creaking, lung-destroying contrivance, that I practised with for eighty-five seconds. The press is not young, but it is in the pink of condition, thanks to Lovelace. He is a mechanical prodigy incapable only, as far as I could learn, of cutting his own hair.

I have said so much about this blacksmith because he illustrates the infinite social wealth of Nova Scotia,—wealth for the observant sojourner, I mean. Caledonia is only eighteen miles from the sea, but it has no salt water attributes. It is settled by men who had the hardihood to prefer George the Third to George Washington.

Twenty years ago a railway came within twenty-two miles of it. Five years ago it became the terminus of a line branching from the Halifax and South Western, which skirts the picturesque coast from Halifax to Yarmouth. It is the natural jumping off place for the chain of lakes that are commonly called Lake Rossignol, and for Lake Cegemecaga, otherwise Fairy Lake, all of them the repositories of waters from which greenhorns take brook trout by the half-barrel; all of them in country where moose tracks abound in every bog.

I know of no such blend of natural beauty, sporting chances and human interest as this unsuspected, unsuspecting region affords. My fear in telling about it is that very soon I won't feel like a discoverer or proprietor of it

---

THE HINDU IN CANADA

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH

Second Paper

FOR more than two years the Hindu in Canada has been in the full blaze of the lime-light. The glare of publicity has vividly shown his failings—brought out his merits in bold relief—laid bare the gainly and ungainly qualities of his mind and body.

So far, the keynote of discussion has been the brown skin of the East-Indian rather than his character; but to-day the violence of agitation has passed away, and the mind of the public is prepared to judge, without racial prejudice or local passion, whether the Hindu is desirable or undesirable as an immigrant in Canada.

The Hindu, merely as a Hindu, is neither undesirable nor desirable in Canada any more than he is in his own country. A bad Hindu is at a premium nowhere. He is destined to be mowed down by the scythe of evolution, irrespective of the land he lives in. "The survival of the fittest" principle applies to him as well as to representatives of other nationalities. There is no valid reason why a worthless East-Indian should be permitted to gravitate to the Dominion.

This, on the one hand. On the other, it is far from fair to bar out the good Hindu from Canada because certain members of the race are worthless. Such a policy is not only unfair but unwise. It is suicidal to the interests of Canada.

The Dominion needs labor. Servants are wanted in British Columbia—in fact, all over the land. The white

man and woman, especially in British Columbia, shun household work as drudgery. The Chinese, who are known to make excellent servants, are virtually excluded from the country by a heavy head tax of five hundred dollars. The Japanese are looked upon with disfavor in Western Canada. Moreover, the Jap in North America has commenced to look upon household chores as beneath his dignity.

For centuries the Hindu has been a political and social slave. Docility and submission to constituted authority have come to be second nature to him. The higher his caste, the more efficient and intelligent servant he makes. As a rule, the cook in India belongs to the highest caste—the Brahmin.

As high an authority as the late revered Queen Victoria bore testimony to the fact that the Hindu makes a good servant. In a letter written to the late Duke of Cambridge she emphasized:

"I have now had for more than six months two Indians constantly about me, attending to me in my rooms and helping me in many ways, and I never saw better servants or more amiable, more high and well-bred people, or more attentive, intelligent, and devoted in their service. Many who have been in India will tell you the same."

The Hindu servant is, therefore, under the circumstances, the logical one to step into the breach in Canada.

Canada not only needs servants; but its growing industries and manifold railroad activities demand men of brain and brawn. The manner in which the Dominion is expanding industrially, and the way railroad operations are being carried on in the country, have never before been equalled. Canada has produced captains of industry capable of launching and supervising these gigantic enterprises. The Dominion, however, lacks the rank and file laborer, who, under the impetus of the initiative of Canadian promoters, would develop the rich resources of the land.

Certain types of Hindus make splendid factory and railroad hands. These men could not but be desirable in Canada. Thousands of miles of railroad tracks have been laid in India during the last twenty years. East-Indian laborers, experienced in railroad making, are bound to be of benefit to the Dominion. Similarly, many parts of Hindostan have been settled recently by the opening up of irrigation works, devised and executed by the Government; also vast tracts of land, formerly occupied by timber, have been rendered habitable. The East-Indian wage-earner, acquainted with this phase of work, would undoubtedly prove an invaluable acquisition to Canada. Steam and electricity have begun to replace the old-time hand-machinery in the East-Indian cities. Hindus are more and more becoming used to working with modern methods and machinery in their own land. These men come to Canada equipped in advance to work in factory or mill, not as mere apprentices, but as intelligent and skilled laborers.

The Dominion every year imports thousands of laborers from Southern Europe. The men from Italy, Greece and adjoining districts in many instances have the same color of skin as the Hindu laborers. They do not, however, own allegiance to the same flag as do the Canadians. The East-Indians do. Nor do these foreign laborers excel certain types of Hindu workmen as factory and railroad hands. Almost all the European laborers who come to this country are ignorant of the language in use in Canada—the Hindu immigrant, therefore, does not labor under any peculiar disadvantage in this respect. Canada patiently puts up with the freaks of the Doukhobors when they strip themselves naked and start out on a hunt for Jesus. The ebullient Italian in Canada uses the knife on his country-comrade or goes on drunken orgies. The Hindu, however, is sober and thrifty. If of the right calibre, he is not apt to display even caste prejudices.

Canada's hostility toward the minority of undesirable Hindus—men who are weaklings, sickly and inefficient laborers—is just. Canada's opposition to the few Hindu immigrants who lack the adjustability to get used to new climate and environment is also sound. The people of India, in this day and

age, cannot for a moment expect the Dominion to make itself a dumping ground for Hindustan's refuse. Canada is a part and parcel of the British Empire, and as such it is its bounden duty to treat the East-Indian with fairness and consideration—even to actually extend courtesies to him that are not shown immigrant foreigners; but these imperial obligations do not require Canada to permit itself to become a haven of rest for the undesirable Hindu.

> "The Hindu
> Who sticks to his caste
> Right to the last,"

is not the right kind of Hindu for Canada. He is unworthy of being welcomed by the Dominion. He is undesirable. Only those East-Indians should be allowed to come into the country whose caste prejudices are not of a nature that would militate against the best Canadian interests. The few Hindus who have not graduated from the University of Hard Knocks—who have not learned the dignity of labor—who by tradition look upon honest physical work as below their station of life—are persons who starve in India and who will starve in Canada or live at the expense of Canadians. Their faces are set toward devolution. They lack the spirit of the hive. They will not benefit Canada, nor will Canada do them any good. These men should be branded by Canada as "N. G."—no good—and sent back to the jungles of Hindustan, for their place is in the wilds, and not amongst civilized human beings. It is no stigma to Hindustan if these people are barred out by Canada.

The conditions in India are such that an East-Indian finds it much harder to leave his home land than does the European. It requires more grit, more enterprise, more spirit to risk, and more capacity to over-ride traditional prejudices, for a Hindu to undertake a sea-voyage to migrate to some far-distant land, than for a resident of a European country to do the same thing. It requires hard labor for the East-Indian to raise the passage money. Moreover, invariably the Hindu has to expend more money to emigrate than does the European immigrant, as he travels more miles in order to reach his destination. Naturally, the Hindu immigrant in Canada, as elsewhere, is more than likely a man who has the supremest contempt for caste rules and precedents. He is apt to be bold and enterprising—invested with an uplook, desirous of blazing a new path through the jungle of life, and willing to pay the price for what he wishes to get. To *indiscriminately* designate such men as sheepish-looking or everlastingly moving in ruts is wrong and unjust. If such men are worthy of anything at all, they deserve appreciation for cutting their moorings from the despotism of priest, precedent and caste and asserting their manhood. They at least deserve a "square deal," a fair field and no favors. It is eminently proper for Canada to give a chance to the Hindu who comes to North America in order to help himself and who is willing to put away his dress, mode of living and time-honored methods of working, and is eager to live and labor according to the most approved Canadian standards.

In coming to Canada the East-Indian pays a compliment to the country and its people. In adopting Canadian customs and methods, the Hindu pays the Dominion a further compliment. The Hindu in Canada comes primarily for his own good, in order to earn better wages; but his work is productive and he gives to the country many times the amount of money he receives in wages in return for his conscientious and intelligent labor. If of the right calibre, the East-Indian is a valuable asset to the Dominion, since he seeks to "make good" and earn the approbation of his Canadian employer. If of the wrong sort, he is no different—no worse than—the bad Italian, Doukhobor, *et al.* His place, like that of the inefficient and poor workers of other nationalities, is not in Canada. The undesirable Hindu should not be permitted to enter the country. But the desirable Hindu is needed by Canada just as much as the desirable Hindu needs the Dominion.

THE FINISH OF THE TANGAHOULA BRIDGE CLUB

BY J. DE Q. DONEHOO

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

LONG had social feud raged in Tangahoula between the Powlers and the La Poulets.

The Powlers rather seemed to have the La Poulets bested when they got their automobile; it was the first one in town, and took amazingly. But it is a mistake to think that this machine is the last word in modern invention; a greater is bridge. And Mrs. La Poulet promptly came back at the Powlers with bridge, and won

And yet bridge is popularly supposed to be a much cheaper and less strenuous diversion than the other. Such was at first the general opinion in Tangahoula, but it changed its mind; and this narrative tells why.

Mrs. La Poulet, smarting under the sting of the Powler red devil, heard of bridge as a diversion of high society. She promptly got the Tangahoula News Emporium to send for score cards and various recommended works explanatory of this science. A couple of weeks' study of these authorities made her comparative mistress of the game.

Then did Mrs. La Poulet begin her campaign. Her husband, a gentleman meek and obliging, was pressed into service for certain experimental games, having their daughter Annie as his partner. Miss Hebert, who was Mrs. La Poulet's grand vizier in matters social, constantly assisted her in practicing.

Other members of the circle in which Mrs. La Poulet was one of the greater lights were gradually initiated. Finally, the bridge infection spread like measles.

The Tangahoula Bridge Club was next formed, with much enthusiasm, and immediately took its place as a chief institution. Mrs. La Poulet was made President, and (of course) Mrs. Powler was furious. Her automobile passed unnoticed while the club was holding its weekly meetings, and the result was that Mrs. Powler herself finally applied for membership.

Some friction had developed in the club, however, over the matter of playing for stakes. Now, Canadian ethics are unusually liberal about this question, and no card club would think of meeting without at least offering prizes to the winners. But certain members expressed their scruples about playing for so much per point in the score. Yet Mrs. La Poulet, as chief authority on the subject, said this just had to be done if Tangahoula wanted to be up-to-date. She showed how it was the custom in England, New York, and Montreal; she argued that it did not become Tangahoula to put itself in the same class with those rural communities where they played euchre at parties and served iced tea with soda biscuit. And so the club, after considerable debate, resolved by a large majority to play henceforth for a nominal sum per point.

Mrs. Sargent had the honor of entertaining the first meeting of the club at which the new rule went into effect. The original suggestion had been that the stakes should be one cent per point

IT WAS THE FIRST ONE IN TOWN

But when the time for playing came, several ladies, and prominent among them Mrs. Powler, roundly ridiculed this. Mrs. Powler said they couldn't decently make the stake less than five cents a point; *that* would be ridiculous. So, five cents a point it finally became by general consent.

It was further decided, that to prevent disputes about scores, since stakes were being played for, the same couples were to occupy each of the tables for the afternoon. Partners were to be chosen by mutual consent, opposing couples by lot. Thus it came about that afternoon, that Mrs. La Poulet, with her best friend, Miss Hebert, was pitted against Mrs. Powler, with *her* best friend, Miss Hudson, at table number nine.

The rivals were acidly sweet toward each other when the game began, but each nourished in her heart vindictive plans of conquest. Each had, too, the utmost confidence in her partner, and each, alas, believed herself to be expert in bridge and all its possibilities.

Two rubbers passed rapidly and uneventfully enough at table number nine. The first fell to the Powler side, the second to Mrs. La Poulet and partner. The score was almost even when the second game of the third rubber ended, and then Mrs. Powler, who was dealing, drew a phenomenal no-trump hand. She could have no doubt about its value. It contained the four highest cards in each of the black suits, the three highest diamonds, and two low hearts. The hand was good, Mrs. Powler figured, for five odd tricks, and for a grand slam itself, if her partner happened to hold the high hearts. It was certain, at least, that no writer who ever wrote failed to recommend the holder of three aces, three kings, and three queens to make it no trumps. Mrs. Powler's eyes snapped in triumph, and she made it no trumps.

But all things earthly are uncertain, even bridge. Mrs. La Poulet, who had the lead, also held a phenomenal hand to which she pinned equal faith on a no-trump declaration. She was absolutely persuaded that *it* was good for five odd tricks. Her face lighted up with a fighting gleam, as she said, "I double you."

"So," thought Mrs. Powler, "the Lord has delivered her into my hands. What can the woman mean?" Her "I double you again" came back with the greatest alacrity.

Mrs. La Poulet never hesitated a moment. "I double again."

"Again," from Mrs. Powler.

HER HUSBAND WAS PRESSED INTO SERVICE

"Again," from Mrs. La Poulet.

By this time the attention of the entire company was directed towards table number nine. The club had never thought of limiting the extent to which doubling might be carried, and somebody said in an undertone, "But this is scandalous; it really looks like gambling, you know."

"I double again," repeated Mrs. La Poulet, contemptuously.

"I, too," re-echoed Mrs. Powler, defiantly.

Then Mrs. Sargent, the hostess, hurried up; she began to think the matter was getting serious. "Don't you think, ladies," she faltered, sweetly and persuasively, "that the stakes are high enough for a social game? People might talk——"

But if the ladies heard what their hostess said, they never betrayed that fact, and Mrs. La Poulet ejaculated, "I double you."

It went on up to twelve doubles.

The excitement throughout the room became intense. "No trumps redoubled twelve times," was the word that went round, and ladies were saying in low voices, "Why, it's awful."

Nobody knew at the moment just what money value this would give each trick, least of all did Mrs. La Poulet. But full of fight still, and absolutely certain of victory as she was, she was yet daunted by the horrified spirit that pervaded the room and could be plainly felt. Then, too, Mrs. La Poulet was somewhat superstitious. She concluded that she would rather not redouble a thirteenth time.

"All right. Shall I play, partner?" was the sign of her submission.

Nearly everybody in the room had dropped all else and crowded around table number nine.

There was a most exasperating look of triumph on Mrs. Powler's face as her adversary led out the king of hearts. That look, however, quickly faded when her partner threw down a hand with absolutely nothing in it, and she realized that her adversary had a wonderful suit of hearts. The fact was that Mrs. La Poulet held eleven of these, including all the high ones, and with the lead in her hands, each was good for a trick. She held a hand out of ten thousand, one that was absolutely invincible when placed as it was.

While the process of taking Mrs. La Poulet's five odd tricks was going on, to Mrs. Powler's absolute stupefaction and her partner's ill-concealed anger, one of those obliging friends who are always ready to explain to us the full extent of our misfortunes, was industriously adding up the score. This she did audibly, as she bent over an adjoining table, with running comments upon the figures.

"Each trick at no-trumps counts

twelve, and this multiplied by five cents is sixty cents, and this multiplied by five tricks is three dollars. Then this is to be redoubled twelve times, which, I figure out, would be four thousand and ninety-six times three dollars, or $12,288. Mercy sakes, Mrs. Powler! You and Miss Hudson owe Mrs. La Poulet and Miss Hebert $12,288, or $6,144 apiece, not counting the rest of the score!"

Mrs. Powler nearly fainted, and the cards fell from her hands, while Miss Hudson indulged in cutting reproaches, and sought final refuge in tears. Everybody was so excited that it was impossible to serve the refreshments, and the session abruptly broke up.

"I'M ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND TO THE GOOD IN A LAND DEAL WITH LA POULET", HE ANNOUNCED

Tongues wagged that night in Tangahoula as they never had before, comment on the scandalous amount involved being varied by speculation on the probability of Mrs. Powler's having to put down her motor-car to pay it. As to which latter question Mr. Powler had unwittingly taken independent action.

"My dear," said he, when she had faltered out her tale of calamity, "We've averaged out to the good, but that was not your fault. While you were fighting the La Poulet tiger, I was taking the hair off the La Poulet lamb. I'm about twenty thousand to the good in a land deal with La Poulet to-day, and I traded in that old gas-wagon of yours with a lot of other junk for twice what it's worth. His wife won't dare use it anyhow—it's second-hand now, you know, and that kills it for her. You can settle your losses out of my winnings. And—look here. I don't want to discourage a spirit of sport, and if you want to go on flying high, go on. I'll buy you an aeroplane."

But the Bridge Club never had another meeting.

LETTERS OF A REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 5th, 1—

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have your letter in which you say that the Governor takes great exception to my purchase of oil lands. His criticism is no doubt just, as I have been trying to sell my holdings and cannot get even a fraction of what I paid for them. I have been to every real estate office in Winnipeg.

You will be astonished when you learn that the diggings I now occupy are those of the rascally Jenkins. For several days after my last letter I wandered about the streets looking for work and succeeded only in making a few cents, no permanent billet to be had, when one evening I aimlessly entered the bar-room of one of the hotels and I tumbled on Jenkins. I would have passed him but the fellow held out his hand and I took it. I had not received a friendly word since that dinner with my intoxicated friend and a sympathetic word even from the man who had cheated me was not unacceptable.

Two companions were with Jenkins. One of the name of Howard, had, so I was told, just received £100 remittance from home and was celebrating. I was introduced and was invited to drink with my new friends. This was followed by a general invitation to supper, which was turned into a great celebration, Howard insisting on buying champagne. We all then went to Jenkins' diggings where there were several beds and an additional one was improvised for myself.

Drinking and feasting were kept up for several days till the remittance was all spent. I accepted their invitations to meals for I thought I might as well have the benefit of the remittance as have Howard and Jenkins drink it all. I spoke to one of the bartenders when both Howard and Jenkins were very drunk, as to who Howard was. "Oh," the fellow replied, "he is a well known remittance man about town, his money comes regular. There is one thing about remittance men, when one has money, they all have money!" This last remark I accepted as being for my benefit.

When the time for headaches and repentance came Jenkins spoke of going back to work. He had been employed as a waiter in a restaurant when Howard's remittance came and he returned to his employment and was reinstated. His meals are part of his salary while the cakes and pies he is able to smuggle home help Howard and myself to keep off starvation.

The one large room we all occupy is over a shop and is heated by steam.

In one corner there is a small gas stove on which we make tea and occasionally cook food, when we have it to cook. This is a great convenience as Jenkins frequently brings in something that is the better for warming up, and when Howard or myself gets any money, I by earning it or Howard more frequently by borrowing from other remittance men, we buy beef steaks and have a grand feast. It is very much like the life I passed on the farm only our supply of food is very intermittent.

December 7th.

Jenkins has lost his position and we are in most awful distress. When he received the money due him he went and got drunk and now we have nothing and I find it more difficult every day to earn anything, there seem to be fewer odd-jobs obtainable. The cold is very great and it is very distressing to work out in it, besides I am not sufficiently clad, the greater part of my clothing being in the country. Jenkins and I sit in one room most of the day. Howard has gone into the country, and when we do go out we hurry along the streets to the nearest bar-room, where we get warm, and leaving that hurry on to the next or into the hotels where people stare at us. A group of us Englishmen, all acquaintances of Jenkins, were gathered together in one of the hotels the other day. Every one of the party was stony broke, yet in the party was a Cambridge B.A., an ex-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and a man who had passed his third year in medicine at Edinborough. Bad as my circumstances are there was not one in the group better off than myself. The party compared notes and each told of his endeavour to get work and how disheartening the result was.

For myself I have made several acquaintances in the hotels among Englishmen down on their luck and I find consolation in their society. I suppose in keeping with the law that misery likes company. The remittance men all arrive down town about eleven o'clock in the morning and file into the public rooms of the hotels. I have watched them often and amused myself picking them out from the general public. They walk in, hands in their pockets, and glance round till they see a seat where a newspaper has been abandoned by the late occupant. They immediately sit down and read the morning news and it is generally not long before their friends join them. Another place to study the remittance man is the Post Office, on days when the English mail is due. Long lines of anxious faces stand before the general delivery wicket and when one gets a check there is a great rejoicing by his friends as well as by himself. Such a group will probably be seen later in the hotels.

I have lately fallen in the habit of studying other Englishmen down on their luck and I find the subject very interesting.

The night is cold outside and Jenkins has just come in informing me he has some food. Where he procures the stuff he brings home I do not know but I think he got some of it from his old friends in the restaurant. The ethics of all this I don't dwell upon mentally so will not do so here.

With my best love to all at home, I remain

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 10th, 1—

My dear Mother:—I have your letter of last Monday week. One of my chief regrets is that my experiences cause you distress. Otherwise I do not feel them so much myself, as something always seems to intervene between me and starvation and I have taken to studying my fellow men from this plane. In the very battle for existence in which I am engaged I find a magnetism. The primitive instincts are developed and to me the aspect of life is changed.

As my environment is changed so I look towards those factions of society which are yet accessible to me.

Yesterday the weather moderated and it snowed a little. In the evening as I tramped the street I came upon some members of the Salvation Army holding forth at the street corner. As I stopped to listen they broke up their

little meeting and invited all to follow them to their citadel or meeting house. I fell in line and soon found myself seated among their congregation. The Salvation Army has existed now many years but this was my first contact with it. As its name implies it has an organization similar to an army, that is, the executive is composed of Lieutenants, Captains, Colonels and so on up to the Chief executive, General Booth, the founder.

The service comprises prayers and singing of hymns by all, and addresses by different members of the staff and testimonies by adherents, the trend of the remarks of the latter being towards certifying to the improvement of their lives since coming under the influence of the Salvation Army. Of doctrine there was little said by any one. They speak of each other as "brother" and "sister," and outside of "saving souls", as they term gaining converts to their cause and adherents to their force, their purpose in life seems to be the relief of suffering and poverty wherever found.

The Staff Captain who led the meeting told of measures that were being applied by the Army for the relief of the distress in the city. He pointed out that there were many unsuccessful in Winnipeg to whom the idea of accepting bare charity was demoralizing, so the Army maintained soup kitchens where meals could be had at cost price and a tailoring department where old clothes given to the Army were repaired and sold at smallest cost to anyone in need.

During the meeting the idea that struck me most forcibly was that the Salvation Army appreciates the fact that human nature is the same wherever met and that their whole system is based upon this.

The members of the staff are largely, if not entirely drawn from those among whom they work and are trained by work among the fallen and the needy. The consequence is that they never separate sympathy from their charity. They do not feel that they have fulfilled their duty completely by a mere act of giving but they take those to whom Hope is a stranger to themselves. They give the man or the woman who has conceived all mankind to be an enemy, their hand, and they call them brother or sister. In no way is this more clearly instanced than by the nursing they give to the spirit of independence and pride which is seldom altogether absent in the human being, by their principle of selling at a small cost rather than by direct gifts of absolute necessities.

These were the impressions I received as I listened to the several speakers during the evening and, as I have told you before, my late experiences have schooled me to view men and things without bias.

I stayed till the end of the meeting, after the majority of those in the benches left. Several of the staff who took an active part in the meeting came down to the main body of the hall and a young woman with a face bearing a rare light of happiness came and sat beside me. She leaned over towards me and said:

"Brother, are you saved?"

The question to me was so unlike any that I had ever before met that it frightened me, or rather I was afraid of its very evident significance, so I replied:

"I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

Her reply left no chance of evasion; "Are you prepared to meet your God?"

In the days before I knew the force of hunger I would never have taken the question seriously, had I ever been met with it, but the stern hand of want opens the soul to the entertainment of promptings, at other times shed by the indifference to which health and plenty is father. I answered, "I do not know."

Lieutenant Jones, as she was called, then talked to me in a manner I have never been talked to before. She asked me about my present existence and my past life and when I told her that I had been reared in all the luxury of an English home, pointed out how little I had been taught to feel the responsibility of life. Then she pleaded with me to give up the search for personal pleasures and lend my efforts to doing good for others. To this I

replied that all my exertions were at present required to keep myself from starving, when she told me that the Army would always be ready to render me what assistance it could.

As I walked home my thoughts ran in a new channel and in the general flow I felt the spirit of hope and trust in my own abilities, a confidence new to me. I felt as if I had reached bottom and from henceforth my way would be upward.

Affectionately yours,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 14th, 1—

My dear Mother:—This morning I picked up a paper that was lying in one of the vacant chairs of the hotel. After I had glanced through its news columns I turned to the advertisements and among them I saw.

WANTED—Man to work in warehouse. No Englishman need apply. Fleming & Co., Wholesale Grocers.

I looked at the thing and was puzzled,—"No Englishman need apply." Surely there could be no objection to Englishmen because they are Englishmen. This is part of the British Empire of which England is the head and centre. What objection could Fleming & Co. have to employing Englishmen? I thought the matter over but came to no decision save that I would apply for the position and if I did not get it I would at least find out why Englishmen were objected to.

I asked the locality of Fleming & Co's office and was directed by a policeman. It is in the wholesale district, being part of the second floor of a large warehouse. I mounted the steps and entered directly into the office. Desks with clerks leaning over them and tables with typists at work were spread over a large floor space. A railing a few feet high through which were several gates, divided the clerks from the area for customers. A young clerk came to the railing as soon as I entered and said:

"Anything I can do for you?"

"I wish to see Mr. Fleming," I replied.

"Which Mr. Fleming? There are two."

"Either," I said.

"Do you want to apply for work?" said the clerk, looking me over.

"I wish to see one of the heads of this company."

"Alright, there is Mr. John Fleming, office manager, at that desk," said the fellow, pointing in the direction of a large, heavily built man in the centre of the office and opening one of the gates for me to enter.

My assurance began to leave me as I approached the office executive. Mr. Fleming was reading and sorting out letters. He had a strong face and I noticed him replying to one of the clerks who questioned him, without taking his eyes off the letter he was reading. I felt he would be a hard man to persuade to employ anyone he did not wish to. However I came up to him and said:

"Are you Mr. Fleming?"

"Yes," he replied without lifting his eyes.

"I see you are advertising for a man to work in your warehouse, and I would like to ask for the position," I made bold to say.

"Yes, I wanted a man, but I said no Englishman need apply."

His attention was all on the letter he was reading.

"How do you know I am an Englishman?" I enquired.

"I have heard you talk and caught sight of your bellows pants. How do I know a mule is a mule?" He was still reading.

"Do you mean to say you won't employ an Englishman because he is an Englishman?" I enquired.

"I do," said he.

"Oh," said I, "I thought that the position was one you did not think an Englishman would accept, but as I am in distress I have made up my mind to take anything I can get to do."

"Good God!" I heard him mutter, "this is a new one," and then he said, "sit down a minute."

I sat down in one of the seats and in a minute he laid down the letter he was reading and turned to me. He looked me hard in the eye for a second or two and then he asked how long I had been in this country.

"Two years," I replied.

"Well, have you not learned in that time that you are no mortal good on top of earth, that there is something lacking in your make-up which prevents you from assimilating with the men who do things? To tell you the truth, I am sorry for you fellows. I am not the first one who has advertised for a man and added 'No Englishman need apply,' in fact complaints have been sent over to England about it and the knowledge of this is not calculated to do this country any good for it will tend to keep the better class of Englishmen away while it is not so likely to influence the remittance men among the better educated nor the scum from the slums."

"Well, why do you insert such advertisements in the papers?" I asked.

"Because there is a bunch of remittance men in the city who read the advertisements every day and apply for every job that's vacant, totally indifferent whether they are competent to give a fair return for the wages they receive. Besides an Englishman is a born kicker and if you give him a job he is sure to make trouble and uses his spare time in writing letters to the newspapers. There is no inherent dislike to Englishmen in this country, in fact in the east there is a strong friendship and the Anglomaniac is not absent."

"Do you mean to say that no Englishman will make a success out here?" I asked.

"Not at all," said Mr. Fleming, "I have several in my office, but they came to me, not as Englishmen, but as book-keepers and accountants, or I took them very young. A boy who does not start to make himself useful at sixteen years of age is hardly likely to prove a success in after years. Some of the best artisans in this city, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, machinists are English but when they hunt a job they do so naming their trade, not their nationality. English craftsmen are always looked favorably upon because the apprentice system, as you have it in England, tends to thoroughness. But as to the class to which you belong, the trouble with you is that your people bring you up to be what they, in their minds, fondly term gentlemen. Now the attributes which go to give a man a social polish set him apart from the common herd, more or less. Besides the education of a gentleman carries with it the acquiring of expensive habits. In fact your education has been towards the spending of money, not making, it and what your people bring you up for with extravagant tastes unless they can furnish you with funds to maintain them, I don't know. I will give my sons an education far superior to any I ever was able to obtain, but then I will see that they either go into the professions or I will give them a taste of business in these offices during their holidays."

"I am sure an education in the arts would not do anyone harm in any vocation," I said.

"No, perhaps not," said Mr. Fleming, "but while you are attaining it, you should be learning business methods at a couple of dollars a week in an office. A boy of about twenty thinks more of himself then than at any other period of his life and won't stand being told things by some one he regards as his social inferior. Excuse me taking up your time in this manner, but I have been thinking a good deal about the Englishmen problem in this country lately and I want to put our position right."

"Then you can't give me a position in your warehouse?" I said.

"No. I have filled it already and by a man I fancy will give us better satisfaction than you would."

I turned to go and said, "Good morning," as Mr. Fleming turned again to his letters.

"Wait a minute," he said, "I have a note here from our parson and he wishes me to send a man up to the Maple Leaf Hall to help the ladies who are having a tea and bazaar in aid of the church. I think you will be more agreeable to them than one of the men out of the warehouse, besides we are very busy. Now you go up to the Maple Street Church Sunday School and tell the ladies who will be there that I sent you." As I turned to go he put his hand in his pocket and handed

me five dollars. "Here," he said, "are five dollars. If you are like most remittance men I have met you'll get drunk, but if you are worthy of a hand up in life you'll buy a cheap pair of trousers and chuck those things you have on. Have a good meal and a shave and be at the Sunday School at 2 o'clock. Excuse my remarks about your 'bellows pants' but in view of the reputation your countrymen have earned in this country, you will find life will be easier if your appearance is not conspicuously pointing to your nationality. No one but an Englishman would be hunting odd jobs in riding breeches." Mr. Fleming turned again to his work and I left him.

It is not necessary for me to assure you that I did not betray the trust but arrived at 2 o'clock at the Sunday School. The ladies were putting up decorations and arranging the tables for their sale of work which was to be the following day. I got on famously with them and they were very nice and I quite enjoyed the surroundings. Mrs. Fleming asked me a good many questions about myself so I fancy her husband had been talking to her about me. She asked me to return in the evening which I did. She was there and called me into a corner and undid a large bundle which proved to be an overcoat. She asked me accept this as a Christmas gift from her husband, and of course it would have been folly for me to have refused it.

"When you get up in the world again you can give an equal gift to some one in need. In the meantime accept it as a loan." This was certainly a tactful way of putting it.

I was there three days at the bazaar and Mr. Fleming gave me another $5, which I turned over to Jenkins as a contribution towards our rent. Jenkins however returned home drunk that evening and had a bottle of whiskey with him so I am afraid my money went into the wrong channels.

I must now bring this somewhat lengthy epistle to a close.

My new overcoat is a great comfort, and is making me feel quite hopeful.

Affectionately yours.

REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 22nd, 1—

My dear Mother:—I have come to the conclusion that the application of the word "remittance man" is extended to all Englishmen not engaged in any permanent occupation. While the term is not in our vocabulary at home it is every day used here and even appears in the press.

The following appeared lately in a local newspaper:

"Another case of suicide occurred at the C. P. R. Station this morning. A young Englishman by the name of Hopewell entered the lavatory of the station and putting the muzzle of a revolver in his mouth pulled the trigger. Death was instantaneous. Hopewell was seen in the general waiting room some time before he committed the rash act and though his actions appeared queer no particular attention was paid him.

"He is said to be well connected in England and was well known around town as a remittance man. He lately received quite a large check from home which he dissipated in a most extravagant fashion in wine and dinners for himself and friends. His money exhausted he became despondent which led to his taking his life."

I knew Hopewell, but not intimately. He was a friend of Jenkins who introduced him to me one day. From Jenkins I gathered that poor Hopewell read for the church but took to living too fast and gave up his studies, after which his people induced him to come to Canada. It appears to me this is a poor atmosphere in which to try moral reformation. Why do English parents and guardians permit and even prompt and encourage wayward sons to come to the Colonies where license exists and where moral restraint is not? An Englishman coming to this country naturally seeks the society of his own kind even as I did, failing to recognize that, while the atmosphere that education gives and breeding conveys may be retained, dissipation and want tend to deaden moral sense, and breed unrighteous principles.

Christmas is now close at hand and as a great rush exists among the shop keepers, it is not as hard as it was to get "odd jobs."

Many of my evenings I spend at the Salvation Army meetings. The last one I was at was distinguished by the presence of an officer who is connected with the Army's emigration work. You may have seen in the press that the Salvation Army has inaugurated a system under which it is to bring desirable emigrants from home to Canada.

The Commissioner, as he is called, led the meeting and told his hearers of the methods the Army were using in carrying on this work. They did not take the vagabonds from the slums but picked from the great host of applicants, such ones as were accustomed to lead useful lives at home and calculated to work out their destiny here. The work of the Salvation Army is among the masses and the training of the officers is thorough to the point of gaining them a great knowledge of men, of human nature. After all, success to the point of a competency is the sequence of being able to do things, but great heights are attained only by those who have a knowledge of men

There are some men who will attain success under almost any circumstances; there are those ever predestined to failure. Of the latter class I am afraid a great many are here, the outcasts of Europe. A land may be one of golden opportunity—to those who see, who grasp and who hold and convert.

The Salvation Army is giving a grand free dinner for the poor on Christmas day and I have promised Lieutenant Jones to accept their hospitality.

Wishing all at home a Merry Christmas, I remain,

Ever yours affectionately,

REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 26th, 1—

My dear Mother:—Yesterday was Christmas Day. To me, and I fancy to most people in my condition, church service has at all times more than anything else the power of transporting one by the memories it recalls, but church with its yule-tide decorations, its music of "gladness and great joy," brings up its bygone anniversaries in panorama to move the soul to the acme of that condition known as homesickness

After morning service I visited the Salvation Army to be their guest at dinner. I had a little money and my presence there was not the outcome of actual want but was due to the invitation of Lieutenant Jones.

A large room was filled with tables and the supply of food seemed unlimited. The officers of the Army were everywhere shaking hands with and welcoming all who came with a spirit of friendliness which no one could mistake for anything but genuine. Any and all who came were saved any scrutiny which might indicate a question as to their need of such hospitality or their worthiness of its bestowal. In the crowd that gathered were men of all nations, their creeds were mostly of the past. Through the rags and uncleanliness of their persons in many were plainly seen the stamp of erstwhile ease and plenty, many were remittance men. Some of these had countenances of stolidity and some seemed to avoid scrutiny but the markings were unmistakable.

I sat down by the side of a good looking fellow who was occupying a bench in a corner. A great look of dejection was on his face. He paid no attention to me so I made some conventional remark about the weather

"Yes," was all the return I got.

"You are an Englishman?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"How long have you been in the country?"

"Two years."

"The same as myself."

After a moment's pause he turned to me.

"What part of England do you come from?" he asked.

I told him and we soon found that we had mutual friends. He told me then a tale of hardships in working for a farmer some distance from Winnipeg. The man did not understand him nor he the man. Bad food and hard work six days in the week and glum silence or dreary hymns on Sunday. As the

winter settled down he went into the woods to cut fuel and remained at this till the week before Christmas, when he came to town with his hard earned money. He lent a chum a few dollars and the rest had been stolen by a degenerate fellow countryman. So my new acquaintance had gravitated to the Salvation Army.

Today I was walking down the street when Mr. Fleming overtook me and was passing when he placed his hand upon my shoulder and asked me how I was getting on. I told him very well.

"I see you got rid of the bellows pants," he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"You made a good impression on the ladies at the bazaar. There's nothing like making a good impression on the ladies!"

"Possibly," I replied.

"Yes," he continued, "my wife has spoken several times about you and wondered if you always have enough to eat. I finally promised to hold a job for you in the warehouse and there is one open now. If you report to-morrow you can go to work. Wages are not very high, but you can live comfortably on them in a modest way. Good morning!"

So I go to work to-morrow to be permanently employed. I shall probably work too hard to be inclined to write much, so my letters will naturally be less frequent. Kind regards to all.

Affectionately yours,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Feb. 10th, 1 -

My dear Mother:—I to-day received a full month's pay for my work in January in Fleming and Co's warehouse. I feel I've earned the money and done my work as well as any man could have done it, whatever his nationality. I feel that I am now building up from rock bottom.

I have some very good news for you, more good news. A few days ago I received a letter from a real estate firm here asking me what price I wanted for my land, my petroleum land. I called on them and said in a joke, ten thousand dollars. The fellow said he would take it. I was thunderstruck but said nothing. When an Englishman makes a joke, no one in this country sees it as such; so it was in my case.

The real estate man then went on to talk about "the railway" and the "divisional point" and I soon gathered that a railroad was being built through the district in which I had bought my land and that a "divisional point," which means a new town, was to be located on the land to which my petroleum land adjoined. This caused a great jump in values and I am to be one who will reap the benefit. As I have said it was only by sheer luck, for really had the land man been able to detect that I was joking I would not have got nearly so much. In fact, I would have accepted twenty pounds for the property and here I am getting two thousand pounds for it.

So now I feel that I am a remittance man no longer but a successful land speculator or what you will. It matters not what you call me as long as I am not called a remittance man.

I have talked the whole matter over with Lieutenant Jones and she advises me to stay working where I am till spring and then to buy another farm—this time after I have personally inspected it. I have decided to do this. I will buy a farm with horses and machinery and will hire workmen. I will have nothing to do with any man who wears what Mr. Fleming calls "bellows pants" and will cut the whole tribe of remittance men

This however I do intend to do, namely to take a partner in the deal, for Lieutenant Jones has said "Yes."

She is reluctant to leave the Army, but a life on the prairies is not altogether wanting in opportunities for doing good. She is eminently practical in matters pertaining to farming, having been born on one.

It is a strange thing but since I have begun to work for Mr. Fleming I have cultivated a great dislike to Englishmen of the remittance man type, and I get angry when it is hinted that I am one of them.

Amusing stories are continually being circulated about remittance men, and

the following appeared in the local press:

"A large percentage of western humour is arrayed against the remittance man, but there have been few stories told at his expense more mirth provoking than the following, or perhaps it is because this story is rather at the expense of the old folk at home. Here it is:

"An Englishman was given a thousand pounds by his father to begin life as a farmer in Western Canada. After receiving this patrimony the dutiful son came to this Province, bought 160 acres of sage brush and gophers, took up his quarters in a neighboring town and blew in the remainder of his money. When cash and credit were alike gone he put pen to paper and wrote his fond parent as follows:

"'My dear Father:—When I was leaving for this country you told me that if I made a success of farming in Western Canada you would send me an additional £1,000. Now I beg to inform you that I have here a farm and upon that farm have eighteen head of gopher. These gophers are the sleekest and fattest gophers in all the country round. I therefore lay claim to the £1,000, as promised.—Your son, etc.'

"The return mail brought the following reply:

"'My dear Son:—I am delighted to hear that you are attaining success in the Colonies. I enclose the thousand pounds you requested. Your mother sends her love and says she does hope you will be careful and not get hooked by the gophers.—Your affectionate father, etc.'"

Of course this story is most ridiculous but the ideas you people in England have of things in this country make any deception possible, and I know many remittance men who would gladly practice any such a trick.

Another story which is vouched for here is that a man borrowed a farm for a few days from a friend and when his father came to visit him he was shown flocks and herds, fields and gardens by his son as his own. After the father had given the son a large check he went away wholly satisfied while the prodigal visited the nearest town and began to celebrate on the strength of his father's latest gift.

While my success may be called accidental I feel it is genuine. My experiences and the hardships I have gone through have taught me many things. For instance, I know now that the opinion other people have of one and that of one's own ideas of one's capabilities and worth are generally far asunder.

Lord Chesterfield said that gentility had ancient riches chiefly for its foundation, and while the methods of Vanity Fair are desirable quantities, yet this attainment should be preceded by a training to usefulness; for just as money makes fine manners and fine speech possible, so it is necessary to their perpetuity. Fine ways are an ornament to money; money is not an ornament to fine ways. In other words, the youth should be taught how to make money before he receives his training how to spend it.

I have likewise learned that it is never well to dress conspicuously. The passing of ages has not dimmed the truth of the saying "When in Rome do as the Roman does."

I shall close now. Perhaps you had better write Lieutenant Jones to my care. We may go to England on our honeymoon but I hardly think so. I greatly desire to see the Great West, the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, besides Sarah, that is my sweetheart's name, would rather not visit England for a year or two yet. What her reason is I do not know. I did not ask her. I never ask her reasons for her actions and ideas. As she is always right, why should I?

Your affectionate son,

REGINALD BROWN.

P.S.—Through a delay in the mails the twenty pounds you sent me for Christmas did not reach me till after New Years'. With it I purchased a new great coat and I placed the balance in the bank. The coat I received from the Flemings I have given to the Salvation Army, together with five dollars in keeping with the spirit in which it was given me.

THE END

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic is to perform this service, assisted by Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, who will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "Cora" by Paul de Gresac.—THE EDITOR.

DURING the first act of "La Belle Byzantine" Georges Garnier saw no one but the star, the new beauty for whom Paris named her slippers, her petticoats, her cigarettes. In "Cora's" eyes, half-longing, half-defiant, he recognized the starving little model who had posed for his "Delilah," a month ago Every gesture, every familiar shade in her voice, suffused him with rapture and pain. He had found her again But would she listen to his explanations?

After the first act of the opera, he persuaded his cousin Armand to take him behind the scenes. The luxurious little boudoir was thronged with those wealthy theatre habitues to whom Bertol, the great manager of the Theatre Varieties, allowed the privilege of the stage door. The little Jewish banker, Abel Klotz, was there to see how Cora received his superb gift of a diamond necklace. The Baron Guy de Neffles, wretched old roue, who was so enraptured with the new beauty that he was willing to commit the folly of marrying her, hung about the door of her dressing room, to be the first to give her homage.

At last her door opened. Georges, from a secluded divan, was dazed with her unexpected brilliance. The straight long robe, heavy with gold embroidery, enhanced her slimness. Yet the freedom of her movements gave an impression of immense power. Her hair, braided with pearls, hung in two black ropes to her knees. A diamond necklace as large as a breastplate blazed on her bosom. A heavy pearl headpiece emphasized the imperious expression of her face. Chochotte, a brisk, plump little model, the only one whose friendship Cora encouraged, followed her

"I see that you have deigned to wear my gift," murmured Klotz, as he bent low over her hand.

"Ah, yes—I had forgotten," Cora answered indifferently, evidently intending that all should hear. "This came from you?" She touched the gorgeous necklace. "But gifts such as this are not given without recompense."

The men laughed discreetly.

"What recompense do you expect?" she pursued calmly.

Klotz was silent, embarrassed.

Cora unclasped the necklace. "Here, Armand, what is the value of this necklace?"

Armand examined it critically.

"Thirty or 35,000 francs."

Cora flashed it before the crowd of men. "What price would you set upon the recompense, gentlemen?"

They laughed boisterously.

"Would a kiss be sufficient?" she asked innocently. "Come, do you hesitate? No, one kiss is not enough. Are two kisses sufficient?"

"I should consider it a bargain," leered the Baron.

Cora turned swiftly to Chochotte. "Could your mother live upon the income from this necklace?"

Chochotte clasped her hands estatically "She could eat chicken every day!"

Cora cried in delight. "Here—take it, take it. And give the gentleman two kisses, Chochotte!"

"I shall give him a dozen!" The happy Chochotte seized Klotz and paid him good measure.

The men laughed uproariously. They adored Cora more ardently for every trick she played upon them.

Armand drew Georges forward and presented him. Cora grew suddenly white and constrained. She controlled with difficulty her joy at seeing him. Yet she steeled herself with the thought that he was affianced to a girl in his own station of life; that he had been pledged to Mademoiselle Bazin when he amused himself by making love to the model. "At first I thought I had not met Monsieur before. Now," her tone was an insult, "I remember him perfectly."

She turned from him with an air of dismissal. The call boy gave the signal that the next act was about to begin; "Lights out." The men hurriedly left for their seats.

"Mademoiselle," Georges pleaded, "will you give me a minute's conversation alone?"

She surveyed him insolently. "Perhaps. I shall see."

"When, mademoiselle?" he urged.

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "Perhaps—in a day—next month—or next year."

* * * *

Georges waited the entire act for her return. Chochotte, who had often posed for him, took pity upon his despair. "The way to make a woman love you is to use force," was her parting advice. "Take the tip. And good luck!"

Cora entered her dressing room in the highest spirits. "Oh, weren't the people glorious to-night! They're like a lover, a great boisterous lover, asking me to fondle him, and make him laugh and cry."

"Ah, yes," replied Boule, the maid, sentimentally. "But the public is not the kind of lover you can take home, and warm slippers for."

"No." Cora's happy state of mind deserted her at the simple domestic picture suggested. Many men were attempting to find favor in the eyes of the new star. No one in all France, except Chochotte, loved her simply as a woman. Except Chochotte?

"Boule!" Cora cried sharply. "See whether that—that man has gone."

Boule unclosed the peek-hole in the door. "He don't look like the going kind"

"Boule, go ask the time of the call-boy."

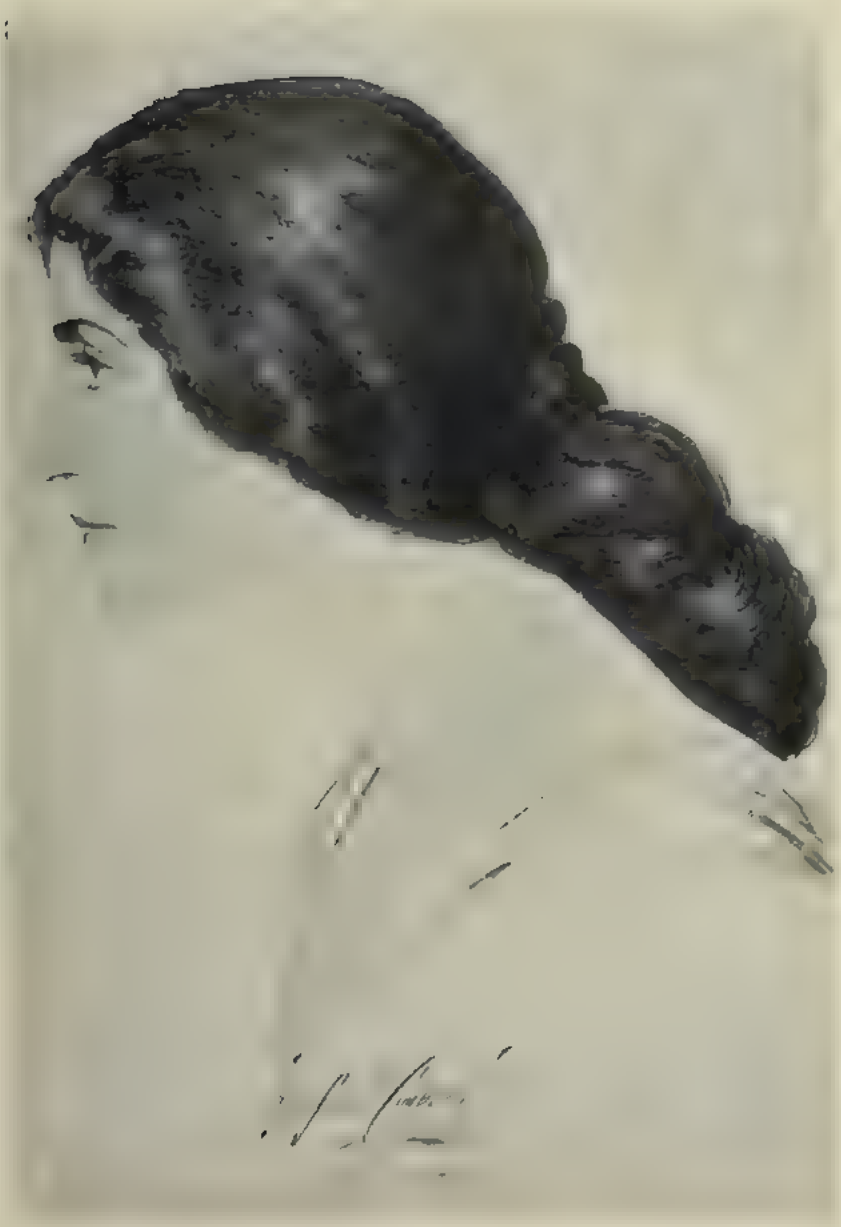
Comprehension dawned in the maid's face. "Oh, I understand. I understand. I'll go and take a breath of air"

"Don't hurry back," Cora admonished her gaily

When Boule had gone, Cora walked swiftly toward the door separating the boudoir from the dressing room. She told herself that she would give him an opportunity to explain his possession of a fiancee. She felt again the delight of his caresses when he told her he loved her. Surely, in spite of the difference in their positions, he had been, for the moment, sincere.

She reached the door the same instant that a vigorous knock came from the opposite side.

"Cora," Georges demanded imperiously. "Cora."



THA KALICH, WHO HAS CREATED THE PART OF "CORA" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME, WRITTEN BY PAUL DE GRESAC

Without waiting for answer he threw open the door.

She retreated to her dressing table, eyes blazing.

"How dare you take a liberty that none of my friends would venture to take?"

"You have learned to use words that cut like a whip lash."

"I have learned many things since you knew me."

"We must understand each other once for all. You don't know how I've suffered since you left so suddenly —uncertainty as to your fate—" his voice broke.

"You talk of suffering, you?"

"My fears were ungrounded. Here I find you a queen."

"What a relief to your feelings."

"A queen, followed by the cheers of a mob and fed by the flattery of fools."

"But the cheers of a mob are not too stupid to stir your blood. And the flattery of fools means something to you because they are gilded fools who can hang their queen with diamonds. You found me more desirable than before—a queen of paint and tinsel, but still a queen—instead of the starving model whom it amused monsieur to make love to—the starving model who learned the lesson of love so easily until she discovered that monsieur was only playing a little comedy to pass away the time before his marriage."

"There was no premeditation," he pleaded. "My love for you sprang up in an hour. It was when I saw you exposed to the brutalities of men that I knew I loved you with all my being, and if I did not speak the words that sprang from my heart to my lips it was because I was pledged to another."

"A man's heart," she sneered. "There is always room in it for one more."

"You gave me no time to think—no opportunity to set myself right in your eyes—to tell you that you were the only woman a man loves all his life."

He did not attempt to touch her. But she cowered before the passion in his eyes, and tried to shut out his voice with her hands.

"I love you and you love me, and you could not prevent me from holding you in my arms, your heart beating against mine, your lips —"

"Stop! Are you telling me the truth? You had never planned to make me love you? Be honest. Your fiancee—that young girl—so sweet, so exquisite, I see her face now—you did not love her? Don't lie to me. You don't love her?"

"Love is not the word. Call it the feeling playmates have from childhood. Not love, Cora. Not love as we learned it, you and I, when the whole of life with its pleasure and pain rushed to our lips and melted in that one kiss."

"Take care!"

"That kiss, robbing me of my strength as Samson was robbed of his, by you—Delilah—the magic of your eyes and mouth—the perfume of your hair. Cora-Delilah! take my strength, soul, life. I give them into your keeping."

"You ask me to become your mistress?"

"Not that. My wife."

"Your wife?" Her tone is half ecstasy, half unbelief.

"Your answer," he demanded passionately. "Why should you hesitate? If I married Mademoiselle Bazin, it would be a fearful wrong to her."

"And your mother? Does she know that you love me?"

He hesitated. "No, not yet."

"You know what you are to your mother. I cannot come into your family as an intruder to cause pain and dissension between you."

The call boy outside the dressing room gave the warning signal. "Lights out!"

They did not hear.

"Cora, my mother's love for me is so wonderful that she could never deny me anything that means my happiness. She will give her consent, I promise you."

She raised her face, her arms; she leaned toward him with complete surrender. "I'm so happy. I'm afraid to be so happy."

The boy outside called sharply, "Lights out!"

Georges' arms closed about her.

Their lips met in a farewell kiss. "Till to-morrow," he murmured

* * * *

Cora awoke in a state of restless happiness. At six in the morning she struggled with an irresistible longing to put on her old model's dress and present herself at Georges' studio. "Would he give her breakfast?" she wondered mischievously.

Late in the afternoon he telephoned that he had not yet been able to talk with his mother.

A few minutes afterward Bertol called to bring her a new song, "very suggestive."

"Ah, but Bertol," she cried gaily, like a school girl. "My suggestive days are over. I'm going to leave you. I'm going to be married."

Bertol was stunned. He had been so sure of her. His money was invested in her success. Immediately he lost his temper. He reminded her of all he had done in befriending her a month ago and making her a star. When he saw that his reproaches infuriated her he decided to risk his last argument.

"You are going the way your mother went. You will ruin your life as she did hers."

Her expression of hauteur gave way to eagerness and sorrow. She had never heard of her mother.

Bertol saw his advantage. "Her story begins like a fairy tale. There was once a beautiful princess, Rosalin, so exquisite that to see her was to love her. And the fame of her voice drew people from distant provinces. Then her wealth began to weary her. The adoration of the mob did not satisfy her. She fell in love and married a young man from the provinces, and gave up her gay, beautiful life to be—just a woman."

"Ah, what woman would not!"

"But life in his home was not what she expected. His relatives shut their doors against her. She was an *alien*—a *stranger*."

The bitter memory of Cora's girlhood rose in her heart. She, too, had felt active dislike from the relatives who brought her up. They were wealthy and had spared no money on her education, but their contempt had been so evident that to escape it Cora had come to Paris, alone and friendless. "I know," she said in a hard tone. "Then at last Rosalin could endure it no longer. She left them!"

Bertol nodded. "She took her baby girl, Cora, and came back here!"

"To the theatre?"

"That was your first appearance here. I had a new play ready for her in a week. Then her husband traced her to Paris. One night he forced his way into the dressing room, accused her of ruining his life, and then he killed her."

"My mother!" Cora broke into soft sobbing. "My mother!"

Bertol smoothed her hair. "Forgive me for waking a bitter past. It was to save you."

A valet de chambre entered with a card.

Cora dried her eyes. "Madam Garnier," she read. Presentiment of ill seized her. "I am at home to no one," she said. Then her self-reliance reasserted itself. "Allow madame to enter. Bertol, you may wait in the next room."

Cora received Madame Garnier with dignity as simple as her own.

"Mademoiselle, "the older woman began, "my son knows nothing of my coming and it would deeply humiliate him if he knew. I have had inquiries made about you, Mademoiselle, and I find nothing to your discredit. Of course it is unusual for a man in my son's station to marry a woman of your profession. But if my son were not affianced to Mademoiselle Bazin, I would not withhold my consent to your marriage."

"You should state your reason for refusing your consent to your son, not to me," Cora cried, in torture that her love should be discussed.

"I have. He will not listen. He has told me that nothing will prevent him from marrying you." Her voice trembled "Oh, Mademoiselle, in our family a man of honor does not ask for the hand of a young girl and then desert her. Georges' world will be against him. You will ruin his career. If you marry him, the doors of his relatives and friends will be closed

against you. You will be an alien, a stranger"

"An *alien*! A *stranger*! Ah no, I could not bear that again." Cora began to sob. The memory of her lonely girlhood and the wrongs of her mother's married life overwhelmed her. "They would ruin our happiness as they did my mother's."

The narrow judgment of Madame Garnier's world closed in upon her. She loved Georges. She could not ruin his career by allowing him to break his word of honor to Helene Bazin. "I shall release your son."

"That is not enough! He would never consent. He loves you too much. You must by some means, force him to give you up.

Cora's head was bowed. "I think I understand you, Madame! I shall give you back your son, I promise you."

"I owe you eternal gratitude."

"I cancel the debt. Ah Madame, it is not only a mother who knows how to love."

"You have given me proof of that, Mademoiselle."

* * * *

That night when Georges Garnier came eagerly to Cora's apartment after the theatre, he was informed to his great surprise that she would be at supper for an hour longer. He seated himself to wait in an antechamber opening from the dining room. Unexpectedly he had obtained his mother's consent to the marriage. There was now no obstacle in the way of their complete happiness

Suddenly a crescendo of noisy laughter came from the dining room. He heard Cora's voice say in a melting tone, "Monsieur Klotz is jealous. Come, now. don't be jealous."

Georges moved to the doorway Beyond the darkened boudoir in a wide circle of soft light was the dining table. In the place of honor sat Cora, a Russian Grand Duke at her right, Abel Klotz at her left. A half dozen other notables of Paris, more or less intoxicated, completed the party. Flowers fruit and wine glasses covered the table in profusion.

Georges gazed, astonished, at a Cora he had never seen. Her low-cut scarlet gown revealed every sensuous grace of her shapely body and emphasized the whiteness of her arms and shoulders. She tilted her small head languishingly toward Klotz, and her black curls almost touched his shoulder. "Come now, don't be jealous!" she repeated fondly.

At this moment Bertol entered the rosy circle of light. "Room for Bertol," Cora cried. "Bertol must sit next to me."

"I have the honor to announce," Bertol began impressively," that Madamoiselle Cora has just signed a three years' contract to remain with the Theatre Varieties."

Georges, in the doorway of the darkened boudoir, heard dimly the cheering and toasts with which the men welcomed the announcement. He groped his way to a chair and sat down, his face in his hands.

When Georges raised his head again, the room was brilliantly lighted. Cora was walking toward him, leaning on the arm of the Grand Duke and smiling coquettishly at the naughty story he whispered in her ear.

At sight of Georges, Cora advanced alone. "What a delightful surprise!"

She beckoned to a waiter who was passing with a tray. "I adore champagne!" She seized a glass eagerly and drank the contents.

Georges could endure the scene no longer. "Cora, what does this mean? Answer me."

She lighted a cigarette.

"I want to know the truth," he persisted.

"The truth from a woman?"

"You lied to me yesterday?"

She laughed. "Nonsense, Georges darling, are you not flattered to be loved by a woman who has so many lovers? You want a proof? Good! Perhaps,—to-night! Oh men, men, how greedy you are. What more can a woman want, success, money, lovers. I have all these and more. I have you, Georges, darling."

"Your puppets, your clowns, your slaves, all those that come between you and me, I hate them."

"You don't know. Wait until you know them." With a gesture she

summoned the men to her. "Monsieur Georges Garnier,—my dearest friends!"

"More champagne!" she cried excitedly to the waiter. Then, turning to the three men nearest her, she confided, "I had my fortune read this morning and the seer told me that my heart hung in the balance among three men."

"But which will be the victor?" they demanded eagerly.

"She told me," tenderly, "to—take all three."

When the champagne was passed again, all the men crowded around her insisting that she drink from each of their glasses.

Under cover of the confusion she murmured in anguish to Bertol, "I cannot go on."

Bertol, who watched approvingly the growing disgust of Georges, whispered, "You must."

With a supreme effort she decided to play her last card and end the scene. She would sing the "very suggestive" song Bertol had brought her that day.

Waving a champagne glass delicately, she began the song. The men formed an uncertain circle of flushed faces and greedy eyes, absorbing rapturously her cataloging of the emotions of a woman of the demi-monde. "If love is for pleasure, then give us full measure," she trilled.

The last verse she directed toward Georges. Half way through, she could endure the pain and humiliated love in his face no longer. "I can't sing it," she cried chokingly and sank on a chair in a faint.

Bertol, thoroughly frightened, cleared the room at once. Georges was the last to leave.

As he passed her chair she staggered to her feet. "What, going like this, Georges, without a word? Ah, I remember now, you came to give me your mother's answer."

She clung to him. "What is it?"

"It is—NO!"

"But what reason?"

He flung her from him fiercely. "Because you are not a woman a man marries."

She heard the door close behind him. She had completed her part; she had given him back to his mother.

She threw up her hands in the physical reaction of powerful emotion and laughed as coarsely as a peasant woman. Suddenly her laughter changed to frenzied sobs, and she fell on the floor unconscious.

* * * *

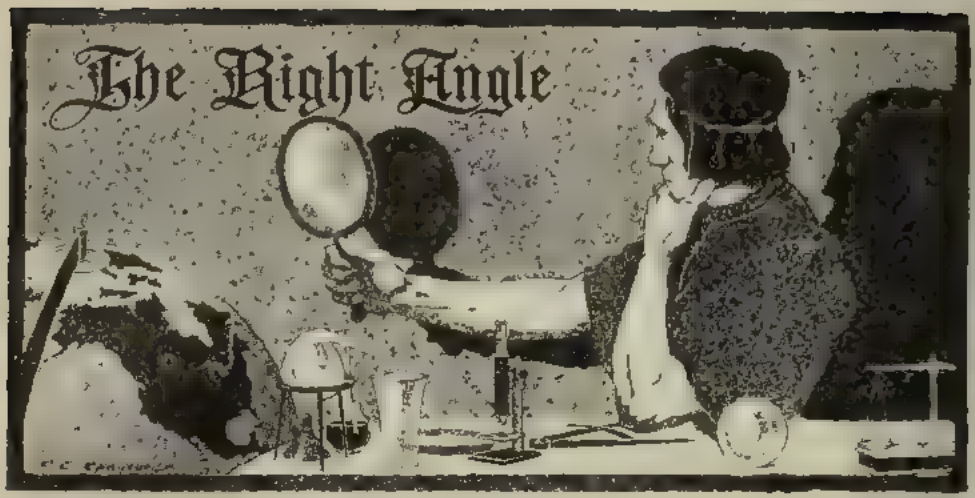
To-day in Paris many wonder that Georges Garnier, the famous painter, chooses always the same subject, the wonderful face of Cora. She alone knows the reason; it was not his fate to make her happy; he can at least make her immortal.

Every one in Paris is familiar with her rise from an artist's model to a queen of Grand Opera. But Bertol, the manager of the Theatre Varieties, knows the secret of her success; her suffering.

WINTER

BY ENNIS GRAHAM

WHERE are the flowers? Where the leaves?
Where the sweet zephyrs' gentle breath?
Where mellowed fruits and golden sheaves?
Dead, dead; all icy bound in death!
Is love, too, dead? Hence, needless pain!
Love only sleeps to wake again.
Love dead? Ah, no, not so with love!
Love only dies to live above.



OUR INTERESTING POSTMASTER GENERAL

THE Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Post master General, was especially distinguished during his recent visit to London by presentation to the King through the Prince of Wales. Mr. Lemieux was the guest of the Prince and Princess, with whom he had formed a personal friendship while they were making their tour of Canada. He was entertained also in Downing Street by the Premier, and accompanied the King of Sweden to the Guildhall. Mr Lemieux had several conferences with Mr. Buxton and the head officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand, on subjects relating to the improvement of postal facilities between England and Canada, apart from the proposition for an All Red fast service.

The Postmaster-General is an interesting and forceful man. He was born in Montreal forty-six years ago, and entered upon active political life in 1904, when he contested the constituency of Gaspe with remarkable success. Immediately upon his appearance in Parliament, he took a foremost place as an able and brilliant debater. His earlier years had been given to the law and to journalism, the latter in connection with *La Patrie*, of which influential newspaper he was for a time associate editor. In the rearrangement of the cabinet which followed the withdrawal of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick as Minister of Justice, he was appointed Postmaster General to succeed the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, and has since filled that important office with very high ability. In the social side of life, Mr. Lemieux is universally popular, both at home and abroad.

THE HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

Among the many tributes which have been offered to Mr. Lemieux since his return from abroad, the following is quoted from the Ottawa Journal:

"Mr. Lemieux, whose prediction of an early reduction in cable rates seems to carry conviction, is a good man for a mission of the sort from which he has just returned. It takes imagination to block out an imperial plan, a

clear cut perception of the difficulties of the case, courage to publish the policy and the art to illuminate the publication. Mr. Lemieux has all these things and in the course of a campaign that might not be inaptly described as triumphal he ventured on a characteristic phrase: 'The life, opinions and aspirations of our fellow subjects should cease to be what they practically are to-day—a closed book' said he at the Mansion house That was putting an imperial need in terms which are apt to bind the attention; plain, but sufficiently stimulative of the fancy. He means that the people in the several parts of the empire should know more of each other than they know now, and that they cannot know as much as they should know unless the cost of cable messages is materially lowered."

Mr. Lemieux is marked for bigger things.

MR. RIDINGTON'S PAPER.

INSPIRED by Emerson Hough's presentation of colonization problems in "The Sowing," John Ridington, a well-known journalist, has contributed an article to *Canada*, the London weekly, in which he takes substantially the same ground with Mr. Hough, and offers a remedial suggestion in line with that contained in Earl Stanhope's recent letter to CANADA-WEST, looking to a business-like organization in colonization work.

"There are," says Mr. Ridington, "two conditions that must form a part of any scheme of colonization organized for the benefit of those who are in peril of want in Great Britain: First, those who are helped must be tied to the land by contract, the breach of which should be punishable. Second, the colonists must have practical supervision and help until they are altogether self-supporting."

The question of how to readjust the emigration policy of the Mother Country so that it shall benefit her very poor without injuring Canada is one that must be settled, and that right soon. Not by the mere chemistry of events, but by the operation of sound commonsense and a totally unsentimental purpose to do the right thing by all concerned, and do it well. The contract idea is sound at law, but the manner of working it out is open to considerations not wholly free from doubt. The present value of Mr. Ridington's proposal lies in its compact presentation.

JOHN RIDINGTON

CY AND THE CHILDREN

MRS J. J ARMSTRONG, whose stories of Canadian life are well known to readers of this magazine, thinks the "old folks" might well, under certain conditions, spare Cy Warman for a time. She writes:

"Mr. Cy Warman, who has been widely and favorably known for so long, has gone by the point where he is affected by criticism, adverse or otherwise. Nevertheless, I wish he might know how his 'Little Wild Goose', published in a recent issue of CANADA-WEST, has charmed us all out here. In my own family my little boys, aged four and five, never tire of hearing it. The first time I read it there was quite an audible sniffling. Grown folks could well spare Mr. Warman for a time if he would promise to write a volume of such lovely tender things for the little folks."

To Mrs. Armstrong, and to various and sundry who agree with her, we would recommend Mr. Warman's latest book, "Weiga of Temagami." It is equally a volume for grown-ups and for children.

VERSES WITH POINT

THE Campbells are coming One of them has arrived—from London, Ontario—with a set of verses and a dollar, the verses stating reasons and the dollar giving them effect. Here are the verses.

CANADA-WEST.

Each month when the magazines come
from the post—
I mean those I regard as the best—
I look through them all, a bewildering
host.
Then I pick out my CANADA-WEST

I've read all the good ones, from near
and from far,
And I've brought every one to the
test,
But I find that the lot are much on a par
Till I come to my CANADA WEST.

McClure's, Metropolitan, Munsey's, The
Strand,
The Popular, Smith's, and the rest,
With all of them scanned, then I quite
understand,
Why I turn to my CANADA-WEST.

Its clean advertising, its print bold and
clear,
Its stories of spirit and zest,
Still give it first place, and so for next
year,
I 'm renewing my CANADA-WEST.
M. A. CAMPBELL.

London, Ont.

This tribute is equally appreciative and appreciated. Some of the reasons given are flattering, but the one about cleanly advertising is especially good. Many another subscriber has said the same thing in prose, with the same financial accompaniment.

THREE POINTS OF VIEW

CANADA-WEST finds itself rather handsomely illuminated in the focus of three points of light from sources separated as widely as the church, the family and the common carrier. The Rev. John H. Gibson is rector of Bradwardine in Manitoba; Mr. Thomas Young is first a family man and next a distinguished engineer; and Mr. W. R. Calloway is general passenger agent of the Soo lines. Each of these gentlemen has written us a letter renewing his yearly subscription and giving his reasons for so doing.

"I am very glad indeed to express my approval of your action in regard to questionable advertising," says the clergyman. "We need your magazine in the home every month," says the family man. "You have caught the proper spirit," says the railway man, "and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the Northwest."

In these sayings all is comprehended; cleanliness, general interest, and economic force. It is one thing to know we have made a success and how we made it; but another and a very pleasant thing to have not only the success itself but the means that earned it clearly perceived and voluntarily pointed out by others, whose personal quality and stations in life give value to their approval.

Dr. Gibson and Mr. Young take pains to say they have been watching the magazine "grow." There is something behind that fact of growth which does not meet most eyes. Whatever ceases to grow begins to die, whether it be a language, a tree, a people, or a publication. CANADA-WEST is growing, has grown, and will go on growing. But it was fully formed in the beginning, and from the first has had the qualities these gentlemen point out. Its growth is simply that accretion in power which comes with time.

Mr. Calloway is right when he says we "cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the Northwest." We believe we have had a beneficial effect on all of Canada from the first; that we are having it now, and best of all, that we are increasing it with the natural effect of growing momentum. A monthly magazine of this kind is a living power, a necessary factor in the life of the country. As the country grows, so will CANADA-WEST grow. Each in its degree is dependent upon the other, and each is and should be proud of the other.

A GREAT STORY COMING

THE White Plague! The curse of hypercivilization, the thing against which all the Western World is bringing

to bear the best forces of modern skill and knowledge.

The "thoughtless marriage" of today, founded upon any basis not intellectual, and disregarding the welfare of future generations.

These two things form the twin core of a remarkably fascinating romance, "The Chongeling", written by Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, which will shortly appear as a serial in CANADA-WEST. Especial pride is taken in announcing this story. It is the first big work of a comparatively new author, but it will make her known wherever strong narrative, sound sociology and profound human interest are appreciated. It is above all a story, not didactic nor controversial, but heart-felt, and plainly told. The inculcation of the moral is not obtruded, but for that reason it has more power.

Good, well-sustained stories are about as hard to find as white crows. "The Changeling" is better than merely good—it is fine. The readers of CANADA-WEST may settle themselves down to the expectation of a genuine enjoyment in the reading of it.

WHY DEER GO SOUTH

"SOME mysterious force is at work in Manitoba. Many herds of deer and caribou are crossing the line and invading the lake and forest regions of Northern Minnesota. Travelers from the Rousseau River country report herds of both deer and caribou moving southward. They appear to be heading for the Red Lake and Red River lake and forest country, where, owing to the activity of the Minnesota game wardens, they will be given an hospitable reception."

The foregoing is quoted from the editorial columns of a leading Minnesota newspaper. A little thought might have enlightened the editor as to the "*mysterious* force." What drove the game northward in the past? The advance of settlement and civilization.

What is now driving the wild things back again to the south? Precisely the same cause—the enormous increase in population and its spread into every corner of Manitoba. Even the deer and the caribou have recognized the fact that the province is destined to be filled with grain fields and lowing herds—that it is no longer a feeding ground and runway for them and their kind. With the sure instinct of the forest creatures they are treking to the unsettled regions of northern Minnesota.

PROSPERITY TALK

SOME of our friends who like to hear of our progress judge, rightly, that we enjoy hearing of theirs. From a number of letters we select this one from an Oregon farmer who settled in Saskatchewan and "made good":

"THE EDITOR:—I left Benton County Oregon, in September, 1904, for the great Canadian prairies. Like thousands of others I was, to say the least, greatly surprised to find such an immense stretch of rich virgin prairie still almost unoccupied in the very heart of North America. The splendid crops of oats, wheat, barley, potatoes and hay I beheld in the settlements along the railroad made me very eager for a piece of this rich soil. I soon located in the Goose Lake country and have been here ever since. We have here a great stretch of the rich, deep clay loam of the Saskatchewan—a soil heavy and hard to break, but particularly well adapted for the retention of moisture and production of the bright No. 1 hard wheat, and great crops of oats, barley, flax and potatoes, and almost inexhaustible. It is a great pleasure to own a prairie farm free from hills, stumps and stones. Scattered buffalo bones were all I found to interfere with my plowing here. The great drawback to us here has been the distance to the railroad, but that will soon be at an end Both the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are now rapidly pushing their lines this way. Despite this, we have done well. On account of the rapid upbuilding of the country we have found a good market right at our doors. Last season I had sixty bushels of oats weighing forty-four pounds to the bushel per acre. Some of my neighbors had still greater yield. Wheat yielded from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. This district is early, and we were not damaged by frost. We have all done well here, and I could name many Americans between here and the towns, who came here with means to go ahead, who have done big things already.

"I am glad I came here. It was the best move I ever made. The best prairie can be bought here for from $12 to $16 per acre. The climate is dry and healthy. This is the regular Saskatchewan fall weather—frosty nights and bright sunny days—ideal for threshing and hauling out of wheat. The trails are dusty, as thousands of wheat teams are moving towards the elevators. The sight of it makes one stop and wonder what it will be in a few years when the immense prairies get under cultivation. Heavy

snowfall is the exception here. Snow generally falls in December and goes off in March. It sometimes gets very cold, but the Saskatchewan farmer does not fear the cold. Winter is his season of rest. With the first or second crop he builds a comfortable house for himself, and warm stables for his horses. He need not, like some, be poking about in the mud all winter attending a few beasts for a livelihood. Very truly,

ALBERT NELSON.

"Milder, Saskatchewan."

This is a cheerful story -the kind that CANADA-WEST delights in hearing and printing. When the man on the soil is prospering, the country, in spite of the manipulations of "high finance," is bound to prosper with him.

THE KIND THAT HELPS

PRAISE and substantial support from a very busy man of large affairs means more than praise alone from one of ampler leisure, because a busy man's attention is not to be engaged by any subject of merely ordinary or passing merit. John Jansen, head of the house of John Jansen and Sons at Lanigan and Humboldt, in renewing his subscription to CANADA-WEST, takes pains to send with it a brief note that says as much as most people could crowd into a full page letter. "I think very much of the magazine," he writes, "and have encouraged quite a few to subscribe for it, and shall continue to do so in the future." Mr. Jansen is a model of those who express themselves in deeds rather than words. There are many others moved by the same spirit to the same course. They show how and why CANADA-WEST has made good from the beginning. We have the growing support of the strongest of those who are building up the country.

OUT OF THE MAIL BOX

IN OUR mail box each morning we find a goodly array of letters, and we like to give our readers an occasional glimpse into them. Here are two that are typical:

"Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find renewal order for your valuable and interesting magazine. I am much pleased with it, and put in a good word with my friends whenever opportunity presents. Yours truly,

"J. E. MCBRIDE."

"Sirs:—I want you to send CANADA-WEST to my father, Mr. E. C. Mulvey, Warwick Road, New Barnett, London, England, for which I enclose one year's subscription. I am delighted with the magazine, and am sure it deserves a big reception in the old country, considering how interested Englishmen are in Canada at present. Faithfully,

"W. CHAS. MULVEY."

To our ears these words have a pleasant sound, and we hope that many of our readers agree with them. But let us know what you think of us.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

"THE EMPIRE BUILDERS" is a book of poems by Robert J. C. Stead (William Briggs Company, Toronto). As the title suggests, the poems have to do with that conquering spirit of optimism which is making the Canadian West the wonder-world of the nations. The courage to dare, the will to do, the strength to keep happiness in the heart—these are the characteristics to which Mr. Stead sings his songs of praise.

A companion to "The Empire Builders" is "A Canadian Book of Months," verse and prose, brought out by the same publishers. Suzanne Marney is the author and she has achieved something fresh and original in year books. The spirit of each month is set forth in a poem and also in an essay. Perhaps "essay" is too formal a word for the intimate, delightful, dainty conceptions in prose which make the book a welcome addition to the boudoir table. So fervent a lover of nature as the author would better eschew the writing of verse. There are many rhymers but all too few prose-writers who possess the power of imparting to the reader the gentle peace of nature and the potency of her charm.

THE HARVEST OF MOLOCH

MRS J. K. LAWSON in "The Harvest of Moloch" (John M. Poole & Co., Toronto), has written a powerful novel, in which the tender love story of Geoffrey Webster and Violet Mickledool beguiles the reader,

while the author grapples with the burning question of intemperance. In her dedication Mrs. Lawson strikes the keynote of the book:

"To all who dare speak the truth;
To all workers in the cause of temperance everywhere;
To the assailants of Moloch; and
To the victims of Moloch,
This story is dedicated."

The Scottish "national vices" are portrayed with no uncertain pen. Keen observation and powerful thinking have combined to produce a romance of more than usual interest, tragic in the main, but enlivened by refreshing gleams of humor. The characters are living, breathing people whether working out their destiny in the simple environment of homely Scottish life, or in the larger freer atmosphere of our own Canadian West. Human nature is shown to be the same wherever found. Under both skies is waged the unending struggle between good and evil, love and hate, between error and justice.

TOWN AND TRAIL

GERTRUDE BALMER WATT has made her name pleasantly familiar through her breezy, hearty sketches of Alberta life in *The Edmonton Saturday News*. A collection of these appreciative bits under the title "Town and Trail" has been issued in book form by the News Publishing Company of Edmonton. They deal largely with the open country but interspersed among the outdoor tales are a few stories of city life—"just for variety," as the preface says; and mighty good variety they make.

This is the second book of the kind from the same pen. The first "A Woman in the West" was well received and widely read. The stories in both of them are all in a vein of their own, suffused by the vigor and spirit of the open, healthy west. They do not suggest other writings, but somehow in their verisimilitude they recall Ralph Iron and the quality that gave instant success to "The Story of an African Farm." To say so is not to make a comparison, but to accord a rather high meed of praise.

THE OLD LOYALIST

MR. A. R. DAVIS, C. E., has produced in "The Old Loyalist" a decidedly interesting book. The novel is well constructed. It has many thrilling incidents. Mr. Davis has chosen for study a modern period, a period when the Dominion was in the making. His stage is the Bay of Quinte district, and his time extends from 1866 to 1891.

As a mere story, "The Old Loyalist" is entertaining; the dual romance that runs through it is well handled. But, after all, the plot is a mere sugar-coating to attract idle readers to a study of manners and men. The great interest in the book is the portrayal of men and women in the vicinity of Adolphus town at the time of the Fenian Raid and Confederation. Squire Clinton and his sweet-faced little wife are drawn with a powerful pen, and are truly types of the United Empire Loyalist who settled in Canada after the Revolutionary War.

As a bit of psychology there is nothing better in the novel than the drawing of the character of Horace Sullivan. He is consistent throughout. He was what he was by heredity and conformity to type; being so fathered and so mothered, he could not have been otherwise. The most original bit of work in the story is that splendid creation, Quinte Brown, a centenarian negro, the self-constituted guardian of the Clinton family, a relic of slavery days. The characters are, with the exception of Sir John A. Macdonald, imaginary. Sir John is true to life. The tribute of Squire Clinton at the close of the story to that great empire-builder will find an echo in every heart. More and more Canadians are realizing with Squire Clinton that he welded together "a great nation out of a few scattered disjointed Provinces."

The chapters dealing with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway are particularly fine. Mr. Davis is at home in this field and his illuminating account of a construction camp is well worth close study.

QUITE RIGHT

"YES," said the suffragist on the platform, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

"There is one way in which they never suffered," said a meek-looking man, standing up in the rear of the hall.

"What way is that?" demanded the suffragist.

"They have never suffered in silence."

RONDEAU

THE good old times of lordly cheer,
When courtesy reigned on this sphere,
When "devil carts" were one-horse shays,
And polite parlance yeas and nays,
To many glamorous appear.

They laud the log fire, and revere
The strident-voiced chanticleer,
Their theme emphatic is always
The good old times.

Let bygones be, I'll drop no tear
O'er hissing punch—just make mine beer,
The steam heat flat, the cars, the blaze
Of incandescents nowadays
Make me regard with knowing leer
The good old times.

THE FUNERAL CAME TOO LATE

BILLY MARTIN, aged four, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed: "Oh, mother! Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?" Permission was given, and when Billy returned he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral.

"They did not have it at all."

"And why not?"

"Mother," was the answer, "the cat was too dead."

THE OLDEST OF PROFESSIONS

AN old friend of the family had dropped in to see a young lawyer whose father was still paying his office rent.

"So you are now practising law," the old friend said genially.

"No, sir," said the candid youth. "I appear to be, but I am really practising economy."

SCORED A SUCCESS

"BORUS, that last magazine story of yours made a hit with me."

"Glad to hear it, Naggus. First time it ever happened. Was it the plot of the story that caught you, or the execution of it?"

"Neither one. It was the novelty of it. There was no bridge playing or automobile riding in it, and the hero didn't smoke cigaroots."

FROM ACROSS THE WATER

THE Park Orator—Oh, ye flinty-hearted scoffers! Is there nothing that will touch your worldly hearts? What can I do to move you?

The Voice from the Crowd—Pass the 'at 'round, guv'nor.

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off)—Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you?

Porter—Eh, man, yer laggage is no sic a silly as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train.

The Indignant One—The idea of 'im a-telling me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've buried ten o' my own!

"Whit way hae ye gi'en ower smokin', Donal'?"

"Weel, it's no sich a pleesure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain tebaccy costs ower muckle; and if ye're smokin' anither buddy's ye hae to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw."

Stranger—This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?

Resident—No; we just endure it with resignation.

THE LITERARY EDITOR'S LAMENT

"OF making many books there is no end."
A truer word the Preacher never penned.
But if the books came thick in those days, wow!
What would he say if he could see them now!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

THE river in one of the Western States had executed one of its lightning changes and dug a new channel for itself, thereby cutting a man's farm in two.

The farmer was sitting on the bank of the river, gazing disconsolately at the opposite shore, a quarter of a mile away.

"Water has been pretty high here, hasn't it?" asked the passing traveler.

"Toler'ble, like," answered the farmer, without looking around.

"Looks as if your bank had been caving in."

"Sort o'."

"Has it done any mischief to your land?"

"Mischief!" said the farmer, slowly turning his head and looking at him. "Say, Mister, see that patch o' ground over there on the other side?"

"Yes."

"There's twenty acres in it. Well, that used to be mine. T'ain't now.

"No? Changed hands, has it?"

"Changed hands! You dern fool, can't you see it's changed banks?"

The traveler rode on, and the farmer continued to sit and gaze at his lost acres.

TOO YOUNG FOR SURGERY

FIRST Little Girl—"Have you been operated on yet for appendicitis?"

Second Little Girl—"No. Mother says I am backward for my age."

RONDEL

OH, my heart goes pitter-patter
When Priscilla pours the tea,
Dressed in domesticity,
While she treats in cozy chatter
Of each simple household matter—
Frank and friendly as can be.
Oh, my heart goes pitter-patter
When Priscilla pours the tea.

If that fragile cup should shatter,
Slipping from her hand so wee,
As she raises it to me,
How the nasty stuff would spatter!
Oh, my heart goes pitter-patter
When Priscilla pours the tea.

BUT THAT'S DIFFERENT

"WHY do women enjoy weeping at a matinee?"

"I don't know," answered she. "Why do men enjoy getting angry at the umpire?"

DISASTROUS REACTION

"I WAS awfully worried about Johnny when he had that last sick spell," said Mrs. Lapsling, "and when the doctor told me he was going to get well I went fairly deleterious with joy."

PUNS

"WHY," asked the youngest of the neophytes, "why should truth always rise again when crushed to earth?"

"Because of its elasticity," answered the corn-fed philosopher. "Don't you know how easy it is to stretch the truth?"

Algy (whose incessant chatter has scared away the fish)—Oh! I say, now, you've caught a dozen and I none. What do you fish with?"

Old Angler—"With bated breath."

Passemus—"Do widow's weeds ever bloom?"

Pardonicus—"Certainly; they produce orange blossoms."

"I'm like a tree," said he to her,
"I'm rooted to your side;"
"Not like a tree," said she to him,
"You never leave." He died.

NOT A FLOWER

"WILLIE," said a very dirty little boy's teacher one morning, "you do not smell very sweet; go home and have a bath and come back to-morrow morning."

The next day Willie appeared with his face red from scrubbing and handed the teacher this note:

"Teacher

"Willie ain't no rose don't smell him teach him

"Mrs. Page."

POOR GEORGE

MISS IVA DE CHIPENHAM, a lecturer, holds that beautiful thoughts make beautiful faces and figures, and that ugly thoughts deform, even as unwholesome work does, says an exchange.

"By taking thought," said Miss de Chipenham, "you cannot, perhaps, add a cubit to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away.

"Our thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Winnipeg girl once gave her away.

"This girl sat in a dim lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:

"'How divine, my dearest Hilary—'

"But the young man frowned and stared.

"'Hilary?' he said. 'You mean George, don't you, pet?'

"The girl flushed and bit her lip.

"'Oh, dear,' she said, 'how silly of me; I thought this was Saturday night.'"

NOTHING DOING

"I TELL you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly court jester, "all our coffers are empty."

INVOLUTION

"I UNDERSTAND he's a firm believer in evolution."

"Well, he frequently makes a monkey of himself."

WHY NOT MAKE A TEST CASE?

FRENCH Countess (formerly a rich American)—I protest against this outrage! Why am I arrested? Tell me instantly!

The Gendarme (pointing to the Count)—Wis pleasure! Madame is arrested for maintaining a nuisance.

PROPER QUESTIONS TO ASK UPON MEETING AN AMERICAN FOR THE FIRST TIME

HOW much is he worth?

Is he married, single or divorced?

Does he play poker or bridge?

Who is his favorite author—Ade or Chambers?

Does a quiet place disturb him?

Does he own part of his own home and the rest mortgaged in an automobile?

Was he once a Democrat?

How much does he hate or adore Roosevelt?